0 CENTS
ICD

JULY 30, 1968

IE TIME OF
IE ASSASSINS

NATIONAL REVIEW

ALIENATION, 'DISSENT' AND THE ITELLECTUAL

WILL HERBERG

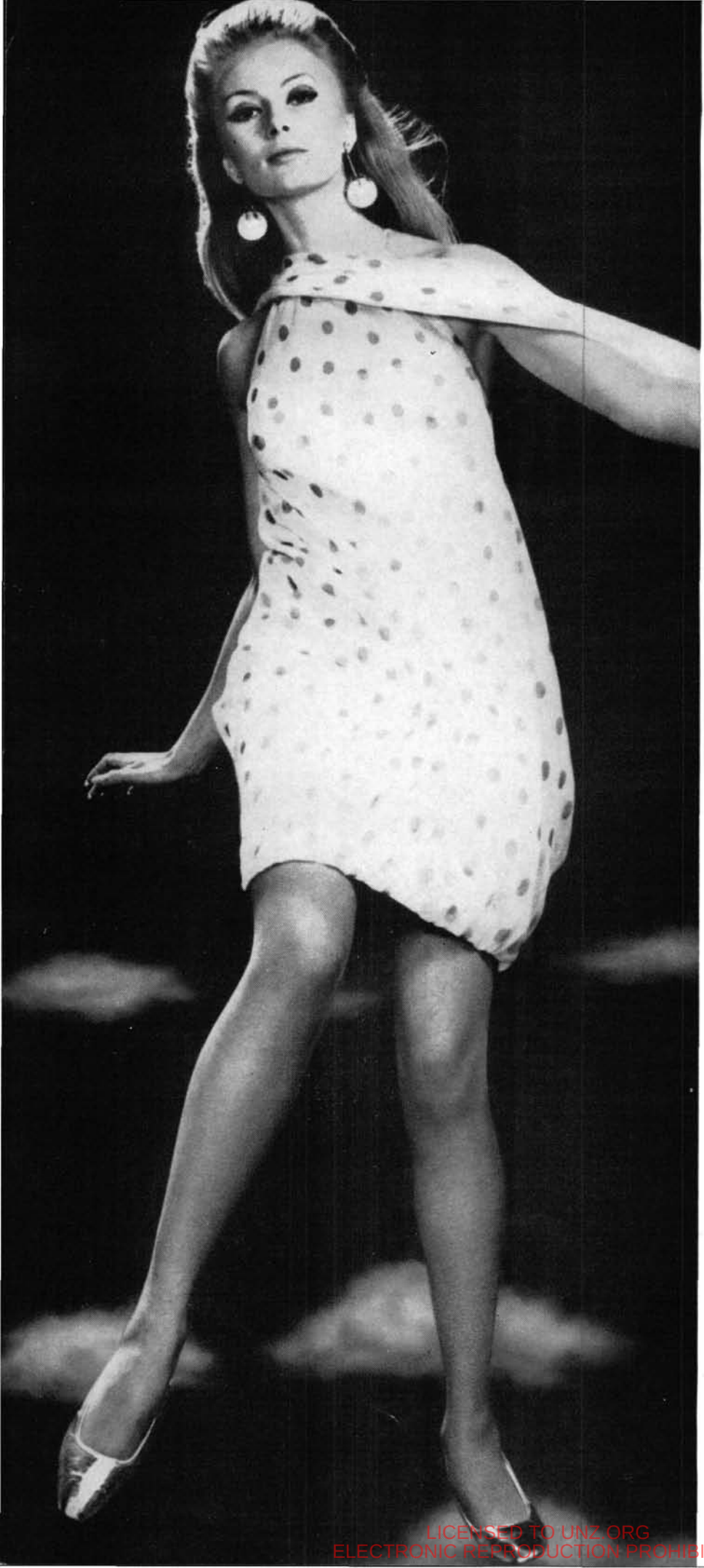
RIOTS AND THEIR CURE

XRP1495 802R 52 129
ROY E SMITH
P O DRAWER N
LIMA OH 45802

Desmond Stewart:
SIRHAN IN CONTEXT

Christopher Emmet:
The Media and the Assassinations

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Hosiery that makes you feel like dancing on a cloud...

Whether it's hosiery or panty hose you're wearing with your new shorter skirts ...you'll love the sheer, sheer lightness of

AGILON®
STRETCH NYLON

The two-way stretch of Agilon makes the hosiery or panty hose cling to your leg all over. Never wrinkle, bag or sag. Remember, the name is

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

Perfect fit at ankle, knee and calf. Longer wear because the hosiery or panty hose stretch *with you* when you sit or bend. Be sure to ask for

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

This is the hosiery or panty hose that makes any leg... any size or shape... look noticeably nicer. In your favorite brand at your favorite store. Try

AGILON
STRETCH NYLON

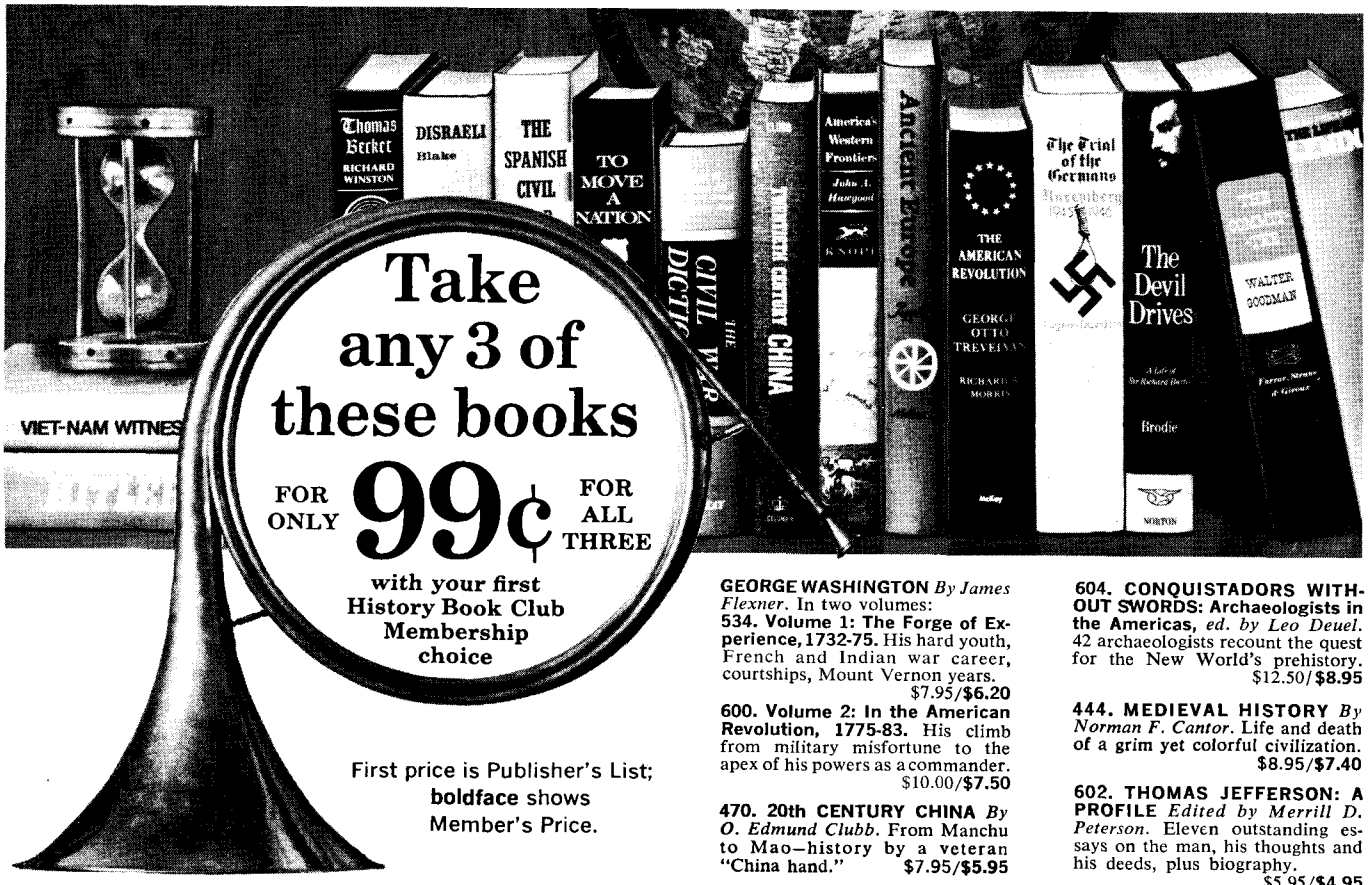
This fashion miracle that makes you feel you're dancing on a cloud was created by the world's largest textile research and development organization...

Milliken

®Reg. Milliken Research Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS ON IMPORTANT WORKS OF HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS!



First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.

545. VIET-NAM WITNESS, 1953-66 *By Bernard B. Fall.* The evolution of our Viet-Nam crisis. "More useful than any other [book] to an understanding of the intricate issues." *Walter Millis.* $6.95/**$5.80**

586. OLD BRUIN: COMMODORE MATTHEW CALBRAITH PERRY, *By Samuel Eliot Morison.* Colorful biography of the naval officer and diplomat who opened Japan. $12.50/**$8.50**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE *By Stuart Piggott.* From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, this fascinating survey traces the prehistory of barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. $7.50/**$6.15**

606. HENRY VIII *By John J. Scarisbrick.* This major new biography is neither a "private life" nor a "life and times" but a study of the monarch at front-center stage. $10.95/**$7.65**

371. CIVIL WAR DICTIONARY *By M. M. Boatner III.* Encyclopedic inventory of battles, leaders, units, weapons, etc. $15.00/**$8.95**

476. THE LIFE OF LENIN *By Louis Fischer.* The authoritative story—winner of the National Book Award. $12.50/**$8.50**

464. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION *By G. O. Trevelyan.* Now in one volume, edited by Richard B. Morris—*the* great work by one of the foremost British historians. $10.00/**$6.95**

591. LOUIS XIV *By John B. Wolf.* A major reassessment of the "Sun King" as soldier-ruler of a rising France. $12.50/**$8.75**

567. AMERICA'S WESTERN FRONTIERS *By John A. Hawgood.* First winner of the Knopf Western History Prize. A lively social history of the explorers, adventurers and settlers who opened up the West. $10.00/**$7.50**

573. DISRAELI *By Robert Blake.* This best-selling portrait of Queen Victoria's enigmatic genius—and his fascinating age—has been acclaimed as a masterpiece. $12.50/**$8.75**

566. PRESIDENTIAL GREATNESS *By Thomas A. Bailey.* The American Presidents judged with wit, insight, and a sound grounding in American history. $6.95/**$5.95**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY *By Alan Bullock.* Enlarged, revised edition (848 pages) of *the* definitive work on Hitler. $10.00/**$6.95**

587. HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY *By Russell F. Weigley.* The development of the Army from colonial times to Viet-Nam. $12.95/**$8.60**

546. DE GAULLE: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY *By Alexander Werth.* A look at the General as Resistance leader, right-wing demagogue, "eternal rebel." $7.50/**$5.95**

101. HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF *By Walter Goerlitz.* Story of the world's most feared war machine, 1657-1945. $7.50/**$5.95**

481. THE LONG DEATH *By Ralph K. Andrist.* The last days of the Plains Indians and their tragic struggle for survival against the Whites. $8.95/**$6.95**

601. ALEXANDER HAMILTON: A PROFILE *Edited by Jacob E. Cooke.* Fourteen outstanding essays on the man, his thoughts and his deeds, plus biography. $5.95/**$4.95**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: NUREMBERG, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* Twenty-two brilliant biographies of the Nuremberg war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. $12.50/**$8.95**

GEORGE WASHINGTON *By James Flexner.* In two volumes:

534. Volume 1: The Forge of Experience, 1732-75. His hard youth, French and Indian war career, courtships, Mount Vernon years. $7.95/**$6.20**

600. Volume 2: In the American Revolution, 1775-83. His climb from military misfortune to the apex of his powers as a commander. $10.00/**$7.50**

470. 20th CENTURY CHINA *By O. Edmund Clubb.* From Manchu to Mao—history by a veteran "China hand." **$7.95/$5.95**

607. FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM: A HISTORY OF NEGRO AMERICANS *By John Hope Franklin.* A top-ranking historian traces the Negroes' course from their African origins to contemporary North and South America. $10.75/**$7.40**

604. CONQUISTADORS WITHOUT SWORDS: Archaeologists in the Americas, *ed. by Leo Deuel.* 42 archaeologists recount the quest for the New World's prehistory. $12.50/**$8.95**

444. MEDIEVAL HISTORY *By Norman F. Cantor.* Life and death of a grim yet colorful civilization. **$8.95/$7.40**

602. THOMAS JEFFERSON: A PROFILE *Edited by Merrill D. Peterson.* Eleven outstanding essays on the man, his thoughts and his deeds, plus biography. $5.95/**$4.95**

466. THE TWO VIET-NAMS (2nd Rev. Edition) *By Bernard B. Fall.* A historical study. "The most comprehensive and illuminating study yet available . . . of the total situation in Viet-Nam." *N. Y. Times* **$7.95/$6.80**

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** As a trial member, you can save over 50% on your choice of the finest works of history and world affairs—more than 130 titles to choose from each month.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** You are free to select your bonus books from our entire list . . . no restrictions as in most clubs. After trial membership, you earn a bonus certificate with every four books you purchase.
- **Exceptional quality.** The History Book Club always brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions . . . never economy "book club" reprints.

ENROLL NOW TO RECEIVE UP TO $40.45 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR ONLY 99¢

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please open a Trial Membership for me and send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99¢ for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 130 offered at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.)

Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter. (NOTE: Bonus Books are shipped at the Club's expense; on all other shipments a small postage and packing charge is added.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three ☐ ☐ ☐

Fill in number of your choice at member's price ☐

Name _____ (please print)

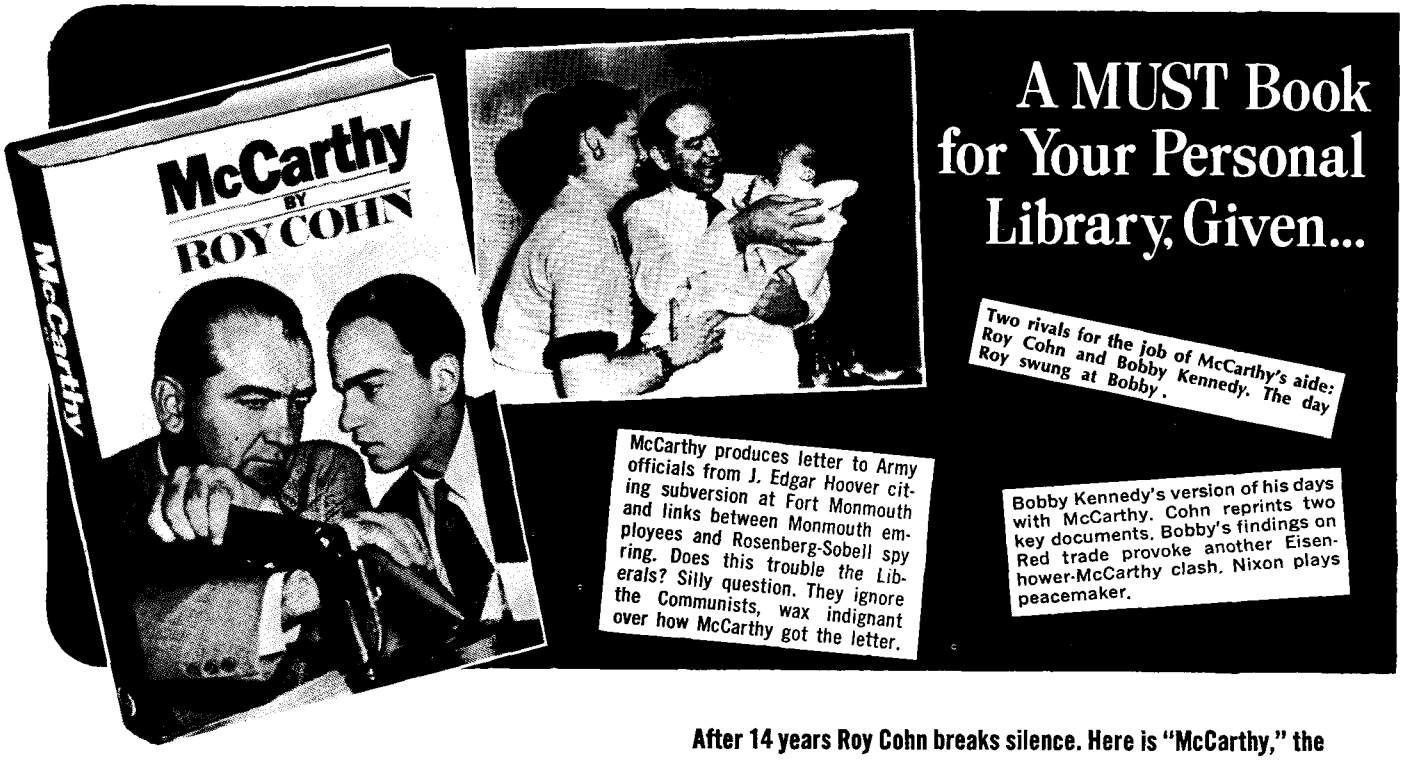
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly.

NV 01 S

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


McCarthy
BY
ROY COHN
McCarthy
A MUST Book for Your Personal Library, Given...
Two rivals for the job of McCarthy's aide: Roy Cohn and Bobby Kennedy. The day Roy swung at Bobby.
McCarthy produces letter to Army officials from J. Edgar Hoover citing subversion at Fort Monmouth and links between Monmouth employees and Rosenberg-Sobell spy ring. Does this trouble the Liberals? Silly question. They ignore the Communists, wax indignant over how McCarthy got the letter.
Bobby Kennedy's version of his days with McCarthy. Cohn reprints two key documents. Bobby's findings on Red trade provoke another Eisenhower-McCarthy clash. Nixon plays peacemaker.

After 14 years Roy Cohn breaks silence. Here is "McCarthy," the long-awaited story — and the facts that counteract the recent TV smear,

Retail price, $5.95. Over 300 pages, 30 photographs, index, appendix

It all started in Wheeling on February 9, 1950. An obscure junior Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph Raymond McCarthy, flew into town to address the Republican Women's Club at their Lincoln Day dinner. The Senator was quoted as charging that 205 Communists were working in the State Department. The rest is history. Except that the *real* story must be told. This, Roy Cohn's definitive book exposing the forces that destroyed Senator McCarthy, should be in the personal library of every American.

McCarthy's first three years as a Senator had been quiet. Then, the explosion. *At the height of the controversy, Roy Cohn stood closest to the man who was Mr. Anti-Communist in the early and middle Fifties.* Cohn tells the story straight, with heart, yet with an honesty that cannot fail to impress anyone who reads this book with an open mind. A few of the highlights:

★The McCarthy "network".

★A searching look at McCarthy's "methods." Safeguards for witnesses routinely accorded by the McCarthy Committee. Convincing answers to Liberal critics.

★Eisenhower accuses McCarthy of "wild charges" in the Conant case. Cohn reveals the inside story, including the roles of Senator Taft and William Buckley. Ike refuses, even years later, to produce the lost letter he himself wrote.

★The welcoming party for Cohn. Among those present: Richard Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover.

★McCarthy and the Kennedys. The romance that almost was. Papa Joe's endless phone calls.

> **"It's grisly. They're yelling at the cop who got the goods on the murderer. They don't give a damn about the murderer — they only want to know how the cop got the proof."**
> **— *Senator Joe McCarthy***

★Who promoted Peress? Key excerpts from the testimony. High-ranking general tips off Committee about Army shenanigans — but has to take calls in a phone booth. Did McCarthy browbeat General Zwicker? What the nation learned from the probe.

★The ugly threats and dark maneuverings of Sanctimonious Stu Symington.

★Drew Pearson slurs McCarthy's war record. Cohn reproduces the record, complete with citations.

★The secret White House meeting on January 21, 1954. The get-McCarthy strategy unfolds. Ike blocks every attempt by Congress to check on the machinations of his aides.

★The issue: did McCarthy and Cohn bring improper pressure in favor of Private David Schine? Or did the Army use this as an excuse to deflect attention from Fort Monmouth, and lax security as crystallized in the Peress case?

★Cohn's first, disastrous appearance as a witness. Joe and the staff rehearse him for his next stint. Here reproduced for the first time: Willard Edwards' revealing on-the-spot notes made that evening in the McCarthy living room. Roy's homework pays off: he winds up the best witness of all.

★McCarthy, nerves raw from badgering and from his deadly sinus headache, snaps, breaks his word to Cohn, brings on the grim emotional climax of the hearings.

★The Committee verdict, coolly analyzed by Cohn.

★How they voted on the censure: man-by-man breakdown. Nine Sena-

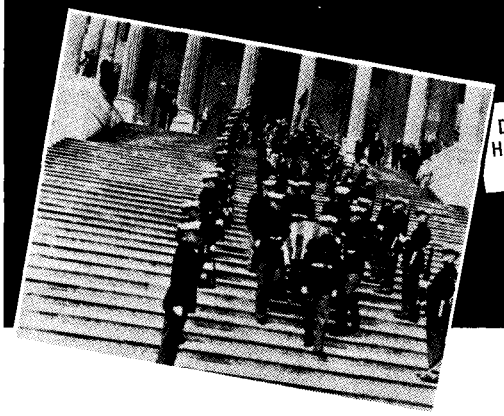
tors, still active and with reputations as conservatives, vote for censure. Three, ranging from somewhat to very Liberal, vote against censure. What the Senators told Joe — off the record.

★The last dark days. Joe's treatment by the other Senators. His prophetic warning about "the spirit of Geneva." Insights from Brent Bozell and Ray Kiermas, his aides at the end. Was Joe drinking too much? Health problems pile up. His last words to Roy Cohn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

With brief Trial Membership in the Conservative Book Club and your agreement to buy as few as 3 other selections during the next 15 months — each at deep discounts of 20% to 75%.



Did the real McCarthy come through on TV? How his staff felt about it. "Point of order": the story behind the famous phrase.

Could McCarthy have become President? His own private poll. How he explained his strategy to Bill Buckley.

FREE with Brief Trial Membership

There are three types of people who will enjoy and profit from this book: The young, who are not old enough to remember what McCarthy was all about; sincere anti-Communists who may have swallowed the Liberal line on McCarthyism — but are willing to keep an open mind; veteran anti-Communists, who can relive these exciting days . . . *and* learn a great deal never revealed until now.

We'll be delighted to send you a copy of McCARTHY entirely *free,* as a trial member of the Conservative Book Club. Your membership brings valuable privileges and discount opportunities, all specified below. Fill in the form and mail to the Conservative Book Club, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

PRIVILEGES AND TERMS OF NEW MEMBERSHIP

FREE GIFT BOOK, Roy Cohn's McCARTHY described above — in original publisher's edition. Retail price $5.95.

ALSO FREE: Your subscription to our monthly Club Bulletin. Brims with publishing and political news of interest to conservatives.

DISCOUNT PRIVILEGES: Monthly Selections and Alternates are described in your Bulletin . . . the best in conservative books, both fiction and non-fiction. You accept only the books you want, at members' deep discount prices — 20% to 75% lower than retail prices (average monthly discount: 43%). Selections you want are delivered automatically; you reject books you do not want on simple refusal form always provided.

SPECIAL SERVICES such as the exclusive Club Omnibus Volumes, containing the cream of conservative publishing at immense savings over regular prices . . . *personal* service (no computers!) . . . other privileges and services now being arranged for you by the Club.

WIDE BOOK CHOICE: You agree to accept 3 other books from the Club during the next 15 months, from about 40 to be offered — all at discount, of course. After that you are free to resign at any time.

THIS FOLD-OVER RESERVATION FORM BECOMES POSTPAID BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801

Send my free copy of Roy Cohn's McCARTHY ($5.95 value) . . . and enroll me as a Trial Member of the Conservative Book Club. I understand that membership entitles me to buy Club Selections at discounts of 20% to 75% plus shipping. Each month you will send me, free, the Club Bulletin describing Selections and Alternates, any of which I may reject by using the handy form provided. If I accept a Selection, I need do nothing; it will come automatically. My sole obligation is to buy 3 books over the next 15 months, after which I am free to resign at any time.

NR **80**

Name _____

Address _____

City/Zone _____ *State* _____

Fold along this line, seal with Scotch tape, staple, etc. and drop in nearest mailbox. No stamps necessary

Fill out and mail this ENTIRE Reservation Form today. Just fold in half and seal with staple, Scotch tape, etc. No stamp or envelope necessary.

FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 1453
New Rochelle, N.Y.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB
81 Centre Avenue
New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weird!

No, not a space invader or the bad guy in a Hitchcock thriller. Just one of our satisfied customers wearing his fantastic new LUMI-SPECS. You too can light up whatever you look at (carry the battery case with on/off switch in your shirt pocket) and have hands free to repair a car, fix a leak, change a fuse or find that missing ski-boot in the basement. Tell us what new uses you discover for LUMI-SPECS. Don't be surprised if your wife borrows them to apply her makeup!

☐ Send me LUMI-SPECS. I enclose $7.95 ($6.95 plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. res. add 5% tax. Guaranteed 1 yr. Return in 10 days if not delighted.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP

NR0730 (415) 981-5688
584 Washington, San Francisco, 94111 **haverhill's**

RESTAURANT
VOISIN

One of the Great
Restaurants of the World
Presents

THE
THEATRE
DINNER

offering the complete
traditional dinner menu
of Voisin as well as
courtesy limousine service
to insure your
unhurried arrival at
the theatre

Prix-fixe $10.25

FOR DINNER AND
LUNCHEON RESERVATIONS
MICHEL LE 5-3800

Restaurant Voisin
30 East 65th Street
New York City

JULY 30, 1968

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 26

728 **The Week**

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

724 Letters
738 Alienation, "Dissent," and the Intellectual *by Will Herberg*
Riots and Their Cure:
740 1. When Law and Order Fail *by Lionel H. Mitchell*
742 2. Genesis of a Riot *by Mark Edelson*
745 3. Money to Burn *by Ernest van den Haag*
The World of Sirhan Sirhan:
747 The Assassin in his Context *by Desmond Stewart*
748 The Media and the Assassinations *by Christopher Emmet*
750 Letter From the Continent *by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
751 Principles and Heresies *by Frank S. Meyer*
752 From the Academy *by Russell Kirk*
760 Trans-O-Gram
761 Delectations *by James Burnham*
764 On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
766 For the Record

753 **BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS**

Hugh Kenner reviews Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *The Jeweler's Eye* • Jeffrey Hart on Mailer and Wakefield • William Gill on Newcomb Mott's mysterious death • Stephen Tonsor on the End of an Era • William F. Rickenbacker on the New Sound

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR. *Editor*
WILLIAM A. RUSHER *Publisher*

Editors
JAMES BURNHAM ☐ ARLENE CROCE
FRANK S. MEYER ☐ WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY *Managing Editor*
JAMES P. MCFADDEN *Assistant Publisher*

Associates
M. STANTON EVANS ☐ WILL HERBERG
JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK
DOROTHY REA ☐ C. H. SIMONDS
RALPH DE TOLEDANO ☐ TIMOTHY J. WHEELER
AGATHA SCHMIDT *Research Director*

Contributors
C. D. BATCHELOR
COLM BROGAN ☐ JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
GUY DAVENPORT ☐ JOAN DIDION
W. H. VON DREELE ☐ CHARLES FOLEY ☐ NEAL FREEMAN
MAX GELTMAN ☐ NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON ☐ HENRY HAZLITT
SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE ☐ SIR SHANE LESLIE
SIR ARNOLD LUNN ☐ VINCENT MILLER
THOMAS MOLNAR ☐ GERHART NIEMEYER ☐ STEFAN T. POSSONY
MORRIE RYSKIND ☐ ALEC WAUGH ☐ AUBERON WAUGH
☐ FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Foreign Contributors
ANTHONY LEJEUNE, *London* ☐ E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN, *Munich*
ELSPETH HUXLEY, *African Affairs* ☐ WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM, *At Large*

Art Director: JAMES W. O'BRYAN
Production Editor: VICTORIA WEHMEIER
Promotion Manager: EDWARD W. MC FADDEN
Circulation Director: ANTHONY L. CAMPAIGNE
Circulation Fulfillment: GARY C. MARSHALL
Advertising Director: PATRICK D. MAINES

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1968.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $17.00 a year ($10.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THIS ISSUE

■ America the Bedeviled might well be the theme of this issue, which examines the multiple harassments that lay waste to the domestic scene. All our evils have a traceable heritage—the dissent (so-called) of the intellectuals, the riots in our cities; even the nerveless assassin of Robert Kennedy comes from somewhere in particular—and it behooves us to track down the causes of unrest before the whole heaving lot of us gets shipped off to the glue factory. First, this perpetual yapping of the alienated, or self-alienated as **Will Herberg** would describe the breed: are they that way because of what they stand for, or is that just their way of standing? The latter, thinks Dr. Herberg, who explains also why it is that these embittered folk make the big noise that gives their country such a bad, bad name. Will Herberg, a longstanding contributor to these pages, is Graduate Professor of Philosophy and Culture at Drew University, the author of *Judaism and Modern Man*, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*, and *Four Existentialist Theologians*.

■ Next, "Riots and Their Cure," a tripartite plea for reason led off by a new contributor, **Lionel H. Mitchell**. Mr. Mitchell, a product of separate but equal schools in Louisiana, graduated from LSU. "My education was black," he writes. "A bad mark brought difficulties both at home and abroad. Black as a razor strop was that education! When the '54 decision was handed down, my grandmother had one succinct comment about it. 'Ain't nobody going to use my child for that mess,' she said. . . . My decision to attend an 'integrated' university was based on the fact that at the time I could afford neither the tuition nor the necessary status symbols which are educational prerequisites for the two established Negro universities in New Orleans, one of which is notoriously and exclusively octaroon in its persuasions and the other is a factory where the ginger-brown, newly emerging middle classes send their children to have them made into schoolteachers who dress well." Mr. Mitchell is a free-lance writer, lives in New York, dresses well. . . . **Mark Edelson**'s New York is a hard-hat area. He wrote "Farewell Columbia" (*NR*, May 21) standing on the fringe of a riot only a few blocks west of his beat in this issue. . . . **Ernest van den Haag**, sociologist, professor (social philosophy, New York University) and practicing psychoanalyst, wrote "How Not to Prevent Civil Disorders" for our March 26 issue.

■ Sirhan Sirhan: who he is and what the media made of him, are taken up by, respectively, **Desmond Stewart**, a British writer who lives in the Middle East, and **Christopher Emmet**, co-author of *The Vanishing Swastika*. For his article, Mr. Emmet undertook an all-networks monitoring of TV and radio coverage of the RFK assassination, and checked press reports from several different countries.

How many times have you asked yourself that question after sitting through another dull meeting? Really good speakers aren't easy to get these days, it's true—yet it **takes** a good speaker to make your meeting come alive!

Fortunately, you as a conservative **can** get a good speaker for your next meeting — whether it be social, business, student, civic or political. Some of the finest speakers in America are available from Catherine Babcock, Inc. **now**, to help make your meeting a memorable success. And, most important, **they speak your language** — they're all outstanding conservatives.

Just watch the sparks fly when one of these men begins to speak —

★ **William A. Rusher**
★ **Ralph de Toledano**
★ **F. Clifton White**
★ **Frederick Wilhelmsen**
★ **Charles W. Wiley**
★ **Ernest van den Haag**
★ **L. Brent Bozell**
★ **Russell Kirk**
★ **Thomas Molnar**
★ **Frank S. Meyer**
★ **William F. Rickenbacker**

You won't have to worry about dull meetings or poor attendance when you use speakers and lecturers of this caliber. And it's so easy. All you have to do to get started is drop us a line telling us the name of your organization and when you need a speaker. We'll take it from there. Write today to:

CATHERINE BABCOCK, INC.
544 Southside Road
Virginia Beach, Virginia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

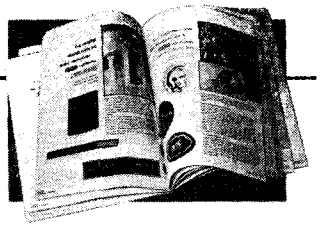
Sales Appeal!

"At the point of sale, Brady Nameplates express the quality and dependability we build into every water conditioner," says Bruner, Div. of Calgon Corporation.

But Bruner demands much more than sales appeal. They specify self-bonding Brady-Cal Nameplates because they apply fast—right on the production line. Brady-Cal's heavy-duty adhesive bonds permanently to flat or curved surfaces. Even after years of exposure to dirt, humidity and cleaning detergents, Brady-Cal Nameplates remain fadeproof. Colors stay bright. Trademarks readable.

Whatever *your* nameplate needs, Brady has the materials, design experience and capabilities to match your product's requirements. Factory trained representatives are located in major cities across the country. Write for free samples and new catalog. No obligation.

W. H. BRADY CO., 719 W. Glendale Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53209
Manufacturers of Quality Pressure-Sensitive Tape Products, Identification and Labeling Systems, Self-Bonding Nameplates, Automatic Machines for Dispensing Labels, Nameplates, Masks and Tape. Est. 1914



Get all the facts

Send coupon for brand new catalog. Includes material specifications and application aids. No obligation.

W. H. BRADY CO.
719 W. Glendale Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53209

Please send me complete information and samples of Brady Nameplates and Decorative Trim

Name_____
Title_____
Firm_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

25167

LETTERS

Apostle of Chaos

Although Herbert Marcuse is definitely not on my list of favorite people, honesty compells me to protest his ill-treatment at the hands of Kurt Glaser, whose article failed to meet even minimal standards of intellectual objectivity [*NR*, July 2].

I refer specifically to that passage from "Repressive Tolerance" which Mr. Glaser quotes in full on page 653. I fail to see anything in that passage that any libertarian conservative could not endorse. If Mr. Glaser will reread that passage he will find the adjectives "oppressed and overpowered" preceding the noun "minorities." Thus, it is clear that what Mr. Marcuse is saying is that violence is justified if committed by an *oppressed* minority, not that absurd distortion stated by Mr. Glaser.

If this opinion makes one an "apostle of chaos," then Marcuse has some distinguished company.

Bakersfield, Cal. DAVID T. TERRY

Max Geltman overrates Herbert Marcuse ["The Philosophy of Pure Terror," July 16]. Had Mr. Marcuse more stature, his views could rightly be compared to the two great enemies of humanity of this century. However, this is not the case.

What is more alarming, and what Mr. Geltman seems to have missed, is the complete bankruptcy of the liberal philosophy as evidenced by the reception of respected liberal thinkers to Marcuse's arguments. In a recent New York seminar on the "future of democracy" led by Marcuse, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., and Norman Mailer, Marcuse led off with his usual arguments for the suppression of free speech for persons of an "objectively aggressive" nature and for persons opposed to the extension of governmental social services, etc. Mr. Schlesinger's criticism was confined to pointing out the perplexing problem of how that theory might be applied without impinging on the activities of Rap Brown or Stokely Carmichael. This is the level on which dialogues are held between obviously fascistic and disturbed thinkers, and one of America's leading scholars.

Camp Hill, Pa. DAN DALY

In his review of Herbert Marcuse's *Negations*, Max Geltman generously says: "In the book of essays under review, he mocks [Norman O.] Brown's description of the airplane as penis symbol in the only witty sentence in all his collected works. Says Marcuse: Yes, it may be a penis symbol but it gets you in two hours from Berlin to Vienna." This "only witty sentence in all his collected works" is verbatim stolen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why did over ¾ million record collectors pay $5 to join Record Club of America

when other record or tape clubs would have accepted them free?

Compare the "Big 4" Record Clubs and see

	COLUMBIA Record Club (as advertised in TV GUIDE Mar. 30, 1968)	CAPITOL Record Club (as advertised in TV GUIDE Feb. 10, 1968)	RCA VICTOR Record Club (as advertised in THIS WEEK Feb. 25, 1968)	RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA
CAN YOU CHOOSE FROM ALL LABELS?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Choose any LP on any label! No exceptions! Over 300 different manufacturers including CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, RCA VICTOR, ANGEL, LONDON, etc.
MUST YOU BUY A "MINIMUM" NUMBER OF RECORDS? HOW MANY?	12	10	5	NONE! No obligations! No yearly "quota"! Take as many, as few, or no records at all if you so decide!
HOW MUCH MUST YOU SPEND TO FULFILL YOUR LEGAL OBLIGATION?	$47.76 TO $59.72	$39.80 TO $49.80	$19.90 TO $24.90	ZERO DOLLARS You don't have to spend a penny – because you're not "legally obligated" to buy even a single record!
CAN YOU BUY ANY RECORD YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	ALWAYS! Your discount up to 79% OFF –GUARANTEED never less than a third! No exceptions.
DO YOU EVER RECEIVE UNORDERED RECORDS?	YES	YES	YES	NEVER! There are no cards which you must return. Only the records you want are sent – and only when you ask us to send them.
HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT FOR SELECTIONS TO ARRIVE?	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	5 to 6 weeks	NO LONG WAITS! Your order processed same day received.
CAN YOU BUY ANY TAPE YOU WANT AT A DISCOUNT?	NO	NO	NO	YES! Substantial discounts on all available tapes at no extra membership fee.

ANNOUNCING... SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY HALF-PRICE MEMBERSHIP OFFER...

ONLY $2.50

MAIL COUPON BELOW TODAY!

DISCOUNTS TO 79% – PRICES AS LOW AS 99¢ PER RECORD!

TYPICAL ALL-LABEL "EXTRA DISCOUNT" SALE

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE..... $ .99
Frank Sinatra • Petula Clark • Nat Cole • Dean Martin
Dave Brubeck • Woodie Guthrie • Jack Jones • Pete Seeger
John Gary and others...

BUDGET SERIES AT ½ PRICE..... $1.25
Oistrakh • Richter • Callas • Tebaldi • Casals • Krips
Boult • Dorati and others...

BEST SELLERS AT ½ PRICE..... $2.49
Herb Alpert • Simon & Garfunkel • Ramsey Lewis
Belafonte • Supremes • Mamas & Papas • Otis Redding
Eddie Arnold • Monkees, and others...

plus ...from 50% to as high as 79% discount on famous labels: RCA Victor, Capitol, Columbia, Decca, Liberty, Motown, Elektra, Vanguard, Warner Brothers, and others.

★ **Choose any LP on any label! Mono and Stereo! No exceptions!**

★ **No "quotas" to buy. Take 0 records—or 100!**

★ **SAVE! Discounts up to 79%! Prices as low as 99¢ per LP!**

★ **No "hold-back" on exciting new records!**

★ **All orders shipped same day received—no long waits!**

★ **Every record brand new, first quality, factory fresh – and guaranteed fully returnable!**

AT LAST A RECORD CLUB WITH NO "OBLIGATIONS"—ONLY BENEFITS!

This is the way YOU want it—a record club with no strings attached! Ordinary record clubs make you choose from just a few labels – usually their own! They make you buy up to 12 records a year—at full price—to fulfill your "obligation." And if you forget to return their monthly card – they send you a record you don't want and a bill for $5.00 or $6.00! In effect, you are charged almost double for your records.

But Record Club of America Ends All That!

We're the largest ALL LABEL record club in the world. Choose any LP...on any label... including new releases. No exceptions! Tapes included (cartridge, cassettes, reel-to-reel, etc.) *without* the "extra" membership fee other clubs demand. Take as many, or as few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You *never* pay full-price—and *never* pay $1 extra for stereo! You get best-sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

How We Break All Record Club "Rules"?

We are the *only* major record club NOT OWNED...NOT CONTROLLED...NOT "SUBSIDIZED" by any record manufacturer anywhere. Therefore we are *never* obliged by "company policy" to push any one label, or honor the list price of any manufacturer. Nor are we prevented by distribution commitments, as are other major record clubs, from offering the very newest records. *Only Record Club of America offers records as low as 99¢.* (You can't expect "conventional" clubs to be interested in keeping record prices *down*—when they are manipulated by the very manufacturers who want to keep record prices *up!*)

BEWARE...

Of "imitation" all-label clubs. For example, RECORDS UNLIMITED is secretly owned by... Columbia Records! Their "master" catalog lists only 931 record albums (almost all—86%—are Columbia products!). Our Master Catalog lists over 15,000 LPs, of all labels! Discounts? We offer new LPs at 99¢—but they offer no LPs at 99¢. So beware of imitators. We are still the only major record club NOT OWNED OR CONTROLLED by any record manufacturer!

Join Record Club of America now and take advantage of this special INTRODUCTORY HALF PRICE membership offer. Mail coupon with check or money order—NOT for regular $5.00 fee—but only HALF THAT PRICE ...just $2.50. You SAVE $2.50. This entitles you to LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP—and you never pay another club fee.

Look What You Get

• *Lifetime Membership Card* guarantees you brand new LP's at dealer cost. Discounts up to 79%.

• *Free Giant Master Catalog* lists available LP's of *all* labels! Over 15,000 listings!

• *Disc®*, the Club's FREE magazine, and *special Club Sales Announcements which update* the Master Catalog with *extra discount specials.*

Guaranteed Same-Day Service

Record Club's own computer system, ships order *same day received!* Every record brand new, fully guaranteed.

Money Back Guarantee

If you aren't absolutely delighted with our discounts (up to 79%)—return items within 10 days and membership fee will be refunded AT ONCE! Join nearly one million budget-wise record collectors now, mail coupon to: Record Club of America, Club Headquarters, York, Pa. 17405.

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives, neighbors for only $1.00 each with full privileges. You can split the total between you – The more gift members you get – the more you save! See coupon for your big savings.

FREE! World's largest Master Catalog of available LP's to choose from when you join Record Club of America

Lists over 15,000 available LP's on all labels! DISCOUNTS UP TO 79%! Classical—Popular—Jazz—Folk—Broadway & Hollywood sound tracks—Spoken Word—Rock & Roll—Comedy—Rhythm & Blues—Country & Western—Dancing—Listening—Mood! PRICES AS LOW AS 99¢. No exceptions! You **never** pay full price—ever! Also available—FREE—Master Tape Catalog. Substantial discounts on all available tapes (cartridge, cassette, reel-to-reel, etc.) at no extra membership fee.

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA X858-N
Club Headquarters • York, Pennsylvania 17405

YES—rush me LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP CARD, FREE Giant Master Catalog, DISC®, and Special Sales Announcements at this limited SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY HALF-PRICE membership offer. I enclose—NOT the regular $5.00 membership fee—but only $2.50. (Never another club fee for the rest of my life.) This entitles me to buy any LPs at discounts up to 79%, plus a small handling and mailing charge. I am not obligated to buy any records—no yearly "quota." If not completely delighted, I may return items above within 10 days for immediate refund of membership fee.

☐ Also send_____Gift Membership(s) at $1.00 each to names on attached sheet. Alone I pay $2.50; if I join with one friend and split the total, cost is only $1.75 each; with two friends, $1.50 each; with three friends, $1.38 each; with four friends, only $1.30 each.

I ENCLOSE TOTAL OF $_____covering one $2.50 Lifetime Membership plus any Gift Memberships at $1.00 each.

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

19B2R © 1968 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T
WOLF IT DOWN.

There's a limit to how much you
can enjoy a good Bourbon,
and you know what it is.
It's your limit, and once you go outside
it, you can't appreciate
our Bourbon or anyone else's.
And since we take the time to age
Beam's Choice for eight years,
and the care to charcoal filter it,
the least you can do is take the
trouble to learn how to handle it.

8 YEARS OLD. 86 & 90 PROOF. KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO. CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

from Dr. Siegfried Bernfeld, the late witty psychoanalyst. I heard him say it forty-five years ago in Vienna; and Marcuse must have heard him say it—either a few years later in Berlin, where Professor Marcuse got his scraps of psychoanalytical knowledge from Dr. Bernfeld, or still a few more years later in California, where Dr. Bernfeld practiced his trade until he died, while Marcuse collected his works. Thus, the only witty sentence in them is stolen property.

Lugano, Switzerland WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Guns and the Second Amendment

The article by Frank S. Meyer, "The Right of the People to Bear Arms" [July 21], is based on entirely false premises. The Second Amendment to the U. S. Constitution reads: "A well-regulated Militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

The amendment was enacted when all able-bodied citizens constituted the Militia, and if the necessity arose they would respond with their individual guns.

Long before the Warren Court the U. S. Supreme Court decided that this amendment meant just what it said, and that the registration and control of firearms (of all kinds) was not contrary to the amendment.

It never fails that one who desires to keep in the shade of the Second Amendment will omit the first part of it, the modifier. The constitutional right to bear arms is limited to bearing arms in defense of a common cause, as members of the Militia.

Omaha, Nebr. WILLIAM E. MOONEY

As a long-time *NR* subscriber I found your recent articles on the gun control situation a breath of fresh air. A constitutional point: The clause about the "Militia" refers to *all* able-bodied male citizens between sixteen and sixty-five, not the organized National Guard, as interpreted today.

Some further statistics: In Switzerland, where it is required by law to own and practice with firearms, criminal use of firearms is practically unknown. In Britain, which is often referred to as a model for strict gun control, the situation is very simple: crimes committed with firearms are severely punished. The National Rifle Association of America backs a law of this type, imposing a minimum ten-year sentence for criminal misuse of firearms. This in effect puts the blame where it belongs, on the individual, not on a piece of hardware.

BRUCE CAMERON ALTSCHULER

New York, N.Y.

Neobolshevik Hart

Methinks Jeffrey Hart is an agent of SDS! More precisely, an agent of the neobolshevik faction in the New Left which despairs of reform and therefore seeks revolution. Mr. Hart urges violent repression of rowdiness in the July 2 issue of *NR* and implies that police action alone could squash the Left—exactly what the neobolsheviks *want* conservatives to believe.

The revolutionary strategy is ingenious: goad the country into going fascist, acquire new followers as the polarization drives the liberal majority of the young leftward, and seize power by classical guerrilla warfare once a solid base of covert sympathy is assured. Hart's call to rally round the flag and break heads contributes to the first two steps in the revolutionary process.

Those who really want to frustrate neobolsheviks can do two things. They can oppose excessive police violence (compare the two demonstrations described by Kurt Glaser [also in the July 2 issue]: the revolutionaries gain adherents whenever the cops act like goon squadders), and they can take the wind from the red sails by dealing *honestly* with the issues used by the revolutionaries as pretexts for "confrontations." Mr. Hart paints a lovely picture of the "academy," yet the decisions of Columbia and many other universities are made in secret by administrators who do not deign to let the university community vote.

Cambridge, Mass. BARRY K. ROSEN

Hart seems to feel that the college administrations' attempt to discuss the issues with the students is a mistake. Mr. Hart is the one at fault. Certainly, a lawbreaker takes his chances with the status quo, but those of the status quo owe it to their own preservation to investigate the elements which bred the revolt.

Grosse Pointe Park, Mich. JOHN HOWES

The New Left

NATIONAL REVIEW's recent articles on the New Left, although formally correct, leave off at just the point where good journalism should begin. The New Left has for the moment given up on the working class and instead looks for support from 'the substratum of outcasts and outsiders . . . the unemployed and the unemployable." At the same time the new breed of revolutionary substitutes, in place of the Marxist's democratic appeal to the masses, some not-so-new forms of violence.

Unfortunately there is more to all this than the spoutings of academic radicals. The largest number who are unemployed, outside, and outcast in our society are the criminals. Those most practiced in the use of violence are these same criminals. Whether or not Professor Marcuse and his followers realize it, the distance between the New Left and the criminal classes is now fast diminishing.

Out here in Berkeley it is perhaps easier to observe this than elsewhere. On one side of the bay is the University of California, on the other side San Quentin, the country's largest penal institution. For at least twenty years a stream of "scientific" criminologists, sociologists and so-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THIS SPACE CONTRIEUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

Avedon Miss Sophia Loren

Learn the seven warning signals of cancer. You'll be in good company.

1. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. A sore that does not heal.
4. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
5. Hoarseness or cough.
6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Change in a wart or mole.

If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society.

cial workers have been passing from one institution to the other and in the process carrying the word to the boys in the Big Yard. All this without discernible effect, though, until recently.

Last fall an underground newspaper, *Berkeley Barb*, ran an article which went beyond the usual account of worsening conditions in San Quentin. Revealed was the exact date of an impending riot, as well as the demands the rioters would raise. The article ended with a call for a protest demonstration at the prison gate on the day of the riot. A minor riot did in fact occur inside San Quentin on the date named. Although the supporting demonstration failed to materialize, a protest of this kind, inside and outside the prison, could take place in the near future.

It is quite probable that any amount of student antics could occur on campuses across the country with little effect on the nation at large. The prospect of an Old Left-New Left criminal alliance, on the other hand, is the sort of thing that should be giving conservatives nightmares.

Berkeley, Cal. NORMAN MINI

Marijuana: A Solution

Permit me to have the final word in your letters column on the two articles concerning marijuana which appeared recently in *NR*—since I have the solution to this problem vexing our politicians.

Mexico is the chief producer of the drug/non-drug (choose one), according to best estimates. Now, Mexico is our partner in the Alliance for Progress. The U. S. Government does not want marijuana to be shipped into the country but Mexican farmers, for good economic reasons, require our limitless market.

I therefore propose that in keeping with Great Society programs and Alianza aid we initiate the Marijuana Soil Bank Plan. Under this plan, the U. S. Government will pay Mexican farmers to *not* grow marijuana and if none is grown then it will rapidly disappear from our internal markets. Later, as the plan succeeds, the government could expand to non-growing poppies, non-distillation of LSD, even payments for not being a hippie.

Don't breathe a word of this to Gov. Rockefeller, lest full-page ads be bought in the newspapers announcing the idea as his own.

Marlborough, Mass. LAWRENCE T. MAY JR.

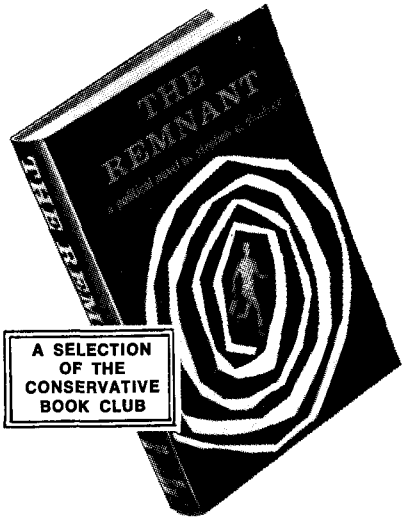
Hell's Angels

I am a loyal reader of NATIONAL REVIEW and always considered it an excellent magazine read by the more intelligent members of society. I was, therefore, surprised to learn (via Spring-Summer 1968 issue of *G.Q. Scene*, page 63) that the president of the Hell's Angels "reads the NATIONAL REVIEW regularly." Any comment?

Tinley Park, Ill. WILLIAM A. PELZ

Them G.Q. *guys will believe anything.*—ED.

Exciting First Novel by Politician-Author Stephen C. Shadegg



"... excellent ... a very intriguing and convincing plot ... wonderfully written." –Barry Goldwater

"Things get mighty melodramatic in this, his first novel, but maybe he's just telling it like it is." – N. Y. Times

"More Americans than the present establishment can believe will take this book to their bosom. The others will laugh at its morality. But in their hearts they may know he's right." –Phoenix Gazette

THE REMNANT, set in Washington, D. C. in 1972, gives you a terrifying insider's look at how the power structure handles an independent who "won't go along." Author Steve Shadegg should know, too. He has helped elect over a dozen senators, and authored several top books on political strategy. Send coupon with $5.95 to order book. If not pleased, return it within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover your return postage.

How to get this book FREE

Would you prefer us to send you this book free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 40 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly selection, you merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail today.

To your bookseller or NR 237
ARLINGTON HOUSE
81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y. 10801

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, THE REMNANT by Stephen C. Shadegg. My payment of $5.95 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage.

Name_____

Address_____

City/Zone_____ State_____

☐ Send "THE REMNANT" FREE and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months at 20% to 75% discounts plus shipping.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ If the Biafran horror has a lesson, it is that man does not live by bread alone, and that sometimes this is too bad. The Ibos, whose children are starving, have turned down a Nationalist offer to open a relief corridor to Awgu in Biafran territory principally because they would have to halt their siege of the garrison there, where 1,500 Nationalist troops are holed up, in order to allow the relief to come in; and, also, because it is humiliating to accept help from the enemy. And now we learn that the Red Cross refuses to fly into Biafra with supplies stockpiled on the Portuguese island of São Tomé lest this be construed as support of Lisbon's aid to the rebels.

■ So how goes it on the major political fronts with two weeks to go to Miami? Lindsay's aides hint in one day's *New York Times* that JVL might "accept a spot" on a Richard Nixon ticket, and Lindsay denies it in good time to make the next day's page one. Nelson Rockefeller adds swinging Governor John Love of Colorado to his bag of governors (up to that moment containing only Shafer of Pennsylvania) and Governor Kirk of Florida admits—in public the very next day—that he is for Rocky, for the time being. The Harris and Gallup polls find everyone doing just slightly better, or just slightly worse, than they were doing a fortnight earlier, with George Wallace the only clearcut comer in the polls. Former Governor Mike DiSalle of Ohio announces that he will put Teddy Kennedy's name in nomination whether Kennedy wants it or not, and Kennedy's aides are silent, or noncommittal, or can't be reached. Evans and Novak conclude there'll be a big bustup between HHH and LBJ at or before the convention because Johnson intends to run that show (the telephone workers willing) and write the platform. Everyone agrees that Humphrey and Nixon seem to be well ahead but also that they just don't seem to have what it will take to win. David S. Broder remarks that Clif White, who engineered the Goldwater win in San Francisco, is in Ronald Reagan's corner, exuding confidence, and therefore Reagan shouldn't be counted out. In short: it's two weeks before the first convention. The press pundits are trying to make history or to cover themselves if they fail and the politicians are probing, to try to ascertain in advance the outside limits of the possible.

■ A Washington D.C. policeman is killed and his partner gravely wounded by two disorderly Negroes they are trying to arrest. Both are shot with their own guns—which suggests that they are not armed at the time of the shooting. Enter the Black United Front—a coalition of militants, moderates and what-have-you slapped together by Stokely Carmichael early this year, among the members of which are Rev. Walter Fauntroy, vice chairman of the D.C. City Council, Rev. Channing Phillips, a Democratic National Committeeman, and Sterling Tucker, director of the Washington Urban League. The Front meets and passes—unanimously mind you—this resolution: "The methods of self defense by the family charged with the alleged slaying of the honky [sic] cop is justifiable homicide, in the same sense that police are allowed to kill black people and call it justifiable homicide." Which 1) admits that the accused did the deed and 2) hands down the verdict before the case has come to trial. And 3) raises serious questions about the responsibility and character of a Councilman, a Committeeman and an Urban League director.

■ Our postal service continues its slide into—well, not into the nineteenth century, when you could get a letter across town in a day, for a penny. Into, face it, senescence. Immediate effects of cutbacks in federal payrolls include: the elimination of Saturday window service, the denial of carrier delivery to new subdivisions and housing projects, and (by September 1) the end of Saturday residential delivery. Postmaster General W. Marvin Watson said last week the long-range effects will include the closing of 9,000 small post-offices, a reduction of rural free delivery to every other day, and the scrapping of mechanization and automation plans. Two days later, findings of a Presidential commission on the postal crisis were released: "Each year [the Post Office] slips further behind the rest of the economy in service, in efficiency, and in meeting its responsibilities as an employer. Each year it operates at a huge[r] financial loss." Recommendation: make the PO a government-owned corporation, setting its own rates and eliminating all political jobs. To which we would add: let the corporation be kept on its toes by having to compete with private mail carriers, so that the country can see which is best able to move the mails quickly, cheaply, and efficiently.

■ Fifty-six New York City firemen have been hospitalized this year—not for burns or smoke inhalation, but for injuries at the hands of slum residents (mostly youngsters). There were 160 attacks on firemen in June (in one hot day last week, twenty-six). The ghettoites' only substantial grievance is that firemen turn off the hydrants that children open on very hot days to splash about in. As indeed they do and must do because if too many are left open, water pressure falls and, come a fire, hoses are useless. Some firemen suspect that youths turn in false alarms to lure them out, then attack them. "They're rebelling against the establishment," one fire captain told newsmen. "What establishment? We're breaking our backs here. We're part of the establishment all of a sudden?" Reports that firemen are arming themselves with blackjacks are hastily denied by the Fire Commissioner, perhaps for fear that Boss Lindsay will set up a Civilian Fire Review Board.

■ Explanations abound for the U.S. withdrawal from Khesanh: 1) The North Vietnamese were rebuilding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Read Why More and More Concerned Christians Are Raving About TRIUMPH:

"I love TRIUMPH . . . It restores my faith, replenishes my flagging spirit, renews my diminishing hope."

"It is the best religiously oriented magazine published in this country. I say so with reluctance, since, as one of your non-Catholic subscribers, I naturally would rather give first place to a Protestant periodical."

"It has so far exceeded my expectations in crystalizing opposition to the curse of secular liberalism . . . I have been literally enthralled by TRIUMPH."

"My admiration for your journal is boundless. In an age when we are being overwhelmed by the opportunistic cant of most of contemporary journalism, it is exhilarating to find a magazine devoted to genuine thought based on genuine principle."

TRIUMPH TELLS IT LIKE IT IS. . .
(And like nobody else does)

In the City of Man:

"Anyone who is not aware that the liberal Republic is coming down, and that it could be a matter of months, at most a few years, before the wreckage is visibly upon us, is too insensate to hope to draw into profitable conversation. On the other hand, those who can read the auguries—and fortunately the tribe is no respecter of the old party lines—will not be able to think wisely about the future without clues to why American history is converging on 1968, why all of those apparently aimless and innocent currents of our past have chosen this moment to debouch the wild torrent that is sweeping the System away."

In the City of God:

"Public signs of the collapse of the American secular order emerged clearly this year; less evident, but no less real, were the signs of demoralization in the Roman Catholic Church in America. In the epochal moment for Church and country, in April 1968, the bishops of the United States could think of nothing distinctively Christian to do and nothing distinctively Christian to say to their fellow Catholics or to their fellow countrymen. One must conclude that the bishops of the United States have lost their faith in Christianity."

(From "The Autumn of the Country" and "The Autumn of the Church"—the special feature editorials in the June issue of TRIUMPH.)

TRIUMPH, the Christian journal of news and opinion, is saying new things in different ways. It has to. Triumph is striving to reach all concerned Americans: conservative and liberal, Catholic and non-Catholic.

But you should be warned. TRIUMPH is an unsettling magazine. For it is launching The Revolution. It is committed to the dethronement of the reigning secular-liberal Establishment, to the introduction of a new, post-modern age. TRIUMPH's goal is nothing less than the Christianization of America.

TRIUMPH hits hard. Its weapons: analysis, wit, candor, and unequivocal commitment. It may delight you, it may enrage you. But one thing is certain: you will not be able to ignore TRIUMPH, after sampling a few issues. Because nobody tells it like TRIUMPH.

If you're not afraid of getting unsettled—try *TRIUMPH*. You'll see what we mean.

Subscribe Now and Receive Free Bonus

Use the coupon below now to enter your trial subscription for 12 months at just $7.50, or 6 months at $3. We'll send you a FREE COPY of one of the most unsettling pieces we've ever published: the complete text of "The Autumn of the Country" and "The Autumn of the Church." **Act now**—while our limited supply lasts!

TRIUMPH • The Unsettling Journal of News and Opinion

EDITORS:
L. Brent Bozell
Michael Lawrence
Thomas Molnar
Frederick Wilhelmsen
John Wisner

CONTRIBUTORS:
Philip Burnham
Christopher Dawson
Christopher Derrick
Otto von Habsburg
Jeffrey Hart
Dietrich von Hildebrand
Wm. Oliver Martin
Gary K. Potter
and others

DETACH AND MAIL TODAY!

TRIUMPH • 927 15th Street, N.W. • Washington, D.C. 20005

Gentlemen: I'm not afraid of getting unsettled. Please enter my trial subscription for the term I've checked below, and send my FREE BONUS reprint of "The Autumn of the Country" and "The Autumn of the Church."

☐ 6 months for $3.00

EXTRA ISSUE FREE with longer-term:

☐ 13 months just $7.50 (a saving of $2.25 over the single copy cost)

NR1

My Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP _____

REFUND GUARANTEE: If at any time you decide TRIUMPH is too unsettling, we'll gladly send you a full refund for the remaining issues of your subscription.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

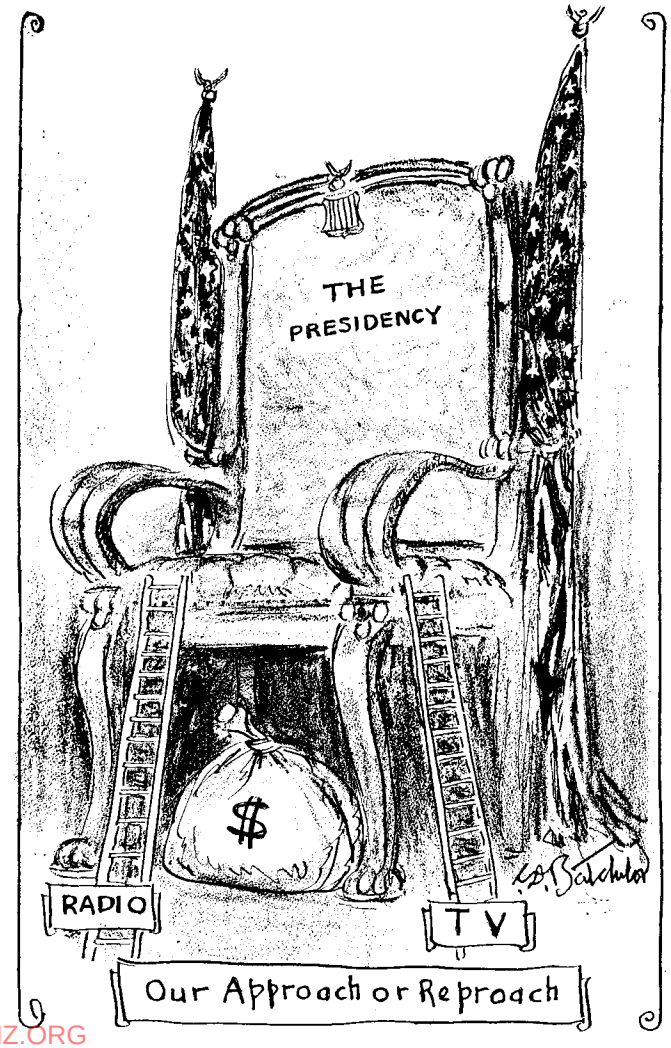
troop strength in the area and American generals felt that defending the base would be either impossible or too costly; 2) General Creighton Abrams, the new Vietnam commander, has always opposed tying up thousands of Marines in a fixed position, but only now do his opinions prevail; 3) Intelligence reports predicting a second wave of Communist attacks on the cities have convinced the Pentagon that major units not involved in actual fighting should be placed on stand-by alert for use where needed. This last, says a spokesman in Washington, also accounts for the sharp decline in casualties during July: everyone's just waiting around for Tet II.

■ Pierre Trudeau's stunning election victory demonstrates, perhaps more than anything else, the expanding role of mass political intoxication. He refused to discuss specific issues during the campaign, preferring short rhapsodies on the golden future of a unified Canada. Trudeau, a 48-year-old bachelor whose personal tastes run to pretty girls and fast cars, seems, simply, to turn people on, much as Bobby Kennedy turned people on. And much like Bobby, Trudeau seems to be essentially a pragmatic politician dodging between the ideological sandtraps. He is a Beautiful Person living a dream the sober bourgeois can never live, can only dream; who goes on long, lonely motorcycle trips, and damn what they think: *You have heard the beat of the offshore wind, and the thresh of the deep sea rain* . . . So Canada has elevated this man and, in so doing, thinks, somehow, to elevate itself as well. Precisely how, we shall have to wait to see.

■ Nasser has returned from Moscow, where he and his hosts doubtless checked the list of items received in the Soviet military re-equipment of the UAR armed forces, and confirmed the arrangement under which the Soviet Union's expanding Mediterranean fleet uses Alexandria as its home away from home. Official and unofficial reports of the visit suggest both parties are seeking some sort of formula for a Mideast peace campaign. Closing of the Suez Canal has proved only a minor nuisance to the Western nations but an economic disaster for the UAR and a real headache for the Soviet Union. Moscow's embryo squadron in the Indian Ocean is left isolated, and her merchant ships—including those supplying North Vietnam—are compelled to sail all the way to Gibraltar and around the Cape. If the Mideast situation continues frozen much longer, Kosygin and Nasser must begin to wonder whether the Canal will ever again be open, or the Israelis ever leave the territories in which they become each week more firmly rooted.

■ Take an honest poll in a Communist country and you may find the country isn't Communist after all. The Czechoslovak Communist Party paper, *Rude Pravo,* found 90 per cent of its non-Communist readers in favor of starting opposition parties and, even more startling in a country where the Party is struggling to retain its lead in the development of "socialist democracy," 50 per cent of the Communists agreed. However hard they try, and however ominous the rumblings from Russia, Poland and East Germany, the Czechoslovak leaders can't seem to stop their own forward motion short of the counter-revolution they so vigorously denounce. Which, while it makes their future and that of all Czechoslovaks highly uncertain, illustrates the dilemma posed for a Communist regime by any anti-authoritarian breakthrough.

■ One reason Europeans are so woefully informed about American politics is that their reporters in the U.S. don't know what's going on, to wit, the following analysis of the American political situation by Jacques Jacquet-Francillon, Washington correspondent of the reputable *Le Figaro.* It starts: "Will the bell toll in 1968 on the electoral system which has functioned so well for the United States for nearly two hundred years? This is not a theoretical question." Jacquet-Francillon then proceeds to inform his readers that the "bosses" have chosen Richard Nixon and Hubert Humphrey as candidates in advance of the conventions against the express wishes of the people. Nixon is against the expressed wishes of the people because Rockefeller is shading him at the polls. Humphrey is against the expressed wishes of the people because he didn't enter any of the primaries in which McCarthy and Kennedy did well. Why Humphrey is not the choice of the people when he, like Rockefeller, is doing best in the polls and Nixon is not the choice of the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you will take just a moment *now* to do us a big favor, we'll be more than happy to send you a FREE copy of this fine recording!

Why should we make you such an attractive offer?

We'll tell you:

It's the full heat of summer now and everything seems to be moving at a slower pace. Days drowse along and there's a tendency to let things slide, to put off till tomorrow what you don't have to do today.

But after vacations are over—look out! It's full speed ahead again.

That's why you can do us such a big favor NOW. Our mail drops off during the vacation months so it's a slack time for us too, which means it costs less to handle orders right now than it does during peak periods.

If you renew now [we'll just extend your present subscription for the number of issues you indicate] you'll be doing us a money-saving favor and so . . .

In return, we will be most happy to send you, FREE and post-paid, a copy of *National Review's* famous 10th Anniversary record. This fine recording was made on-the-spot at our gala Birthday Party, and features the voices of Bill Buckley, Barry Goldwater, Clare Boothe Luce and many other famous conservatives. You'll want to have one as a permanent part of your record library. *We repeat:* we'll be happy to send you one FREE if you will do *us* the favor of using the card facing this page right *now* to renew! Many thanks.

WHILE THEY LAST!

National Review's
Tenth Anniversary Album

This is a first quality 12" LP, high-fidelity recording. It was taped on the spot and engineered to retain the background, sound and feel. Playing time is approximately 23 minutes for each side. Retail price is $3.98. The record is narrated by Tom Huston, National Chairman of Young Americans for Freedom. Speakers include (in order of appearance): Clare Boothe Luce, Adm. Lewis Strauss, Steve Allen, Tom Van Sickle, John Dos Passos and Barry Goldwater on side one. Side two speakers include (in order of appearance): William A. Rusher, William F. Rickenbacker, Frank Meyer, James Burnham and William F. Buckley Jr.

The Committee of Sponsors Presents
33⅓ RPM - A High-Fidelity Recording
National Review's 10th Anniversary Album
NATIONAL REVIEW
FEATURING
Clare Boothe Luce
Admiral Lewis Strauss
Steve Allen
Tom R. Van Sickle
John Dos Passos
William A. Rusher
William F. Rickenbacker
Frank S. Meyer
James Burnham
William F. Buckley Jr.
PLUS: Special guest of honor, The Hon. Barry Goldwater
WITH COMMENTARY BY / Tom Huston, National Chairman, Young Americans for Freedom
COPYRIGHT 1956
by National Review, Inc.
150 East 35th Street
New York, New York 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people when, he, like McCarthy and Kennedy, did well in the primaries which Rockefeller didn't bother to enter, Jacquet-Francillon doesn't apparently feel it necessary to explain—any more, for that matter, than Messrs. Evans, Novak, and Alsop. The whole story goes under the delicious headline (considering the events of the past 179 years in France): "The American Electoral System Borders on the Absurd."

■ The July 15 *U.S. News* carried an interview with South African Prime Minister Vorster, in which can be found the usual things; but the curious will want to turn to a special 52-page report in the *Economist* of June 29, wherein it is explained by deputy editor Norman Macrae "why South Africa is getting richer so quickly [it has tough entrepreneurs, cheap labor, high investment, plentiful resources, cheap power] and why it is almost certainly to everybody's advantage that it should continue to do so ['by the end of the century she could be in a position to reach approximately the present West European level of income per head for all her people']." Mr. Macrae takes time off from economics to debunk several stories going the rounds at left-wing London dinner parties, like that a Great Avenging Black Tide is going to sweep down from the North, or that "white South Africa questions its political detainees with their penises first nailed to the table and other titillations even more designed to put one off one's soup."

■ To give investors a hedge against a second devaluation, Mr. David Godley, dealer in precious metals, put solid gold chamber pots on the London market last week at $1,320 per. It was an enterprising way around English law, which prohibits private citizens from holding gold bullion, slaps a 50 per cent excise tax on gold jewelry, but allows the tax-free sale of gold used in "functional items." What could be more functional than a potty, reasoned Godley, and judging from the orders he got—more than a hundred in the first few days of trading—London investors seemed to agree. But the Bank of England registered its dissent before any money changed hands. "The manufacture of golden potties is not a recognized and established industrial use of gold," said the B of E, in a stern warning to Godley and the dealers who had been supplying him with his raw material. "But I bloody well will not melt down the potties," was the last word from Godley, who has several dozen of his brainchildren ready for sale. "Maybe I can use them for export," he said thoughtfully. "Americans are a bit kinky, aren't they?"

Wallace Insurance

All the opinion polls agree that George Wallace is showing substantial and increasing strength. At present this is running at about 16 per cent nationally, give or take a couple of points depending on who are assumed to be the major party candidates. But the higher concentration of Wallace support in the South makes him the favorite in five states (Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, South Carolina, Georgia) with 47 electoral votes, and a serious contender in several more.

This means there is a real possibility that no candidate will have an outright majority in the electoral college. In that event the choice of President would be thrown into the newly elected House of Representatives, with each state delegation voting as a unit and a majority of all states (i.e., 26) required for election. The lineup in the House may well show Wallace support in several state delegations and neither Democrats nor Republicans in control of the necessary twenty-six. Wallace has stated that in such a case *he* will choose the next President of the United States, by throwing his delegations to whichever major party candidate meets his terms.

On the present outlook this blackmail threat cannot be dismissed, nor should its gravity be underestimated. Wallace has the potential for plunging the country into an unparalleled constitutional crisis. His terms—no doubt in appointments as well as policy—would be harsh. So long as neither party met them he could, granted normal procedures, prevent the nation from having a chief magistrate. The Vice President named by the Senate (as the Constitution provides) would act as President, to the dissatisfaction and unease of everyone. But if and when one party accepted the deal, the dissatisfaction and unease would deepen perhaps to breakdown. A President

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selected through a sordid deal with a racist-minded demagogue, and pledged to key planks of the demagogue's platform, would be unacceptable to many, probably most, of the citizens, even though all constitutional formalities had been complied with. The rejection would be still more complete if the Wallace-named President had received fewer popular votes than his major party opponent.

Professor Gary Orfield of the University of Virginia has presented a proposal for avoiding, or evading, such a crisis. He urges an advance agreement by the major parties: If there were no electoral college majority, the House would name the major party candidates who receive the larger popular vote on November 5. Professor Orfield is aware that there is no way to compel the individual members of the House to vote in accordance with this agreement. But he believes, and reasonably, that enough of them would go along to assure the result if a) the leading Republican and Democratic candidates declare for this solution in the immediate future, b) the Republican and Democratic conventions adopt a resolution endorsing it, and c) the two nominees affirm their support of it in the campaign.

Although we at *NR* are not, in principle, unmixed admirers of the plebiscitary notion more or less implicit in Professor Orfield's reasoning, we do believe that in the circumstances of the 1968 campaign his proposal not only makes good sense but may be essential to save the country from a political trauma. Moreover, it seems to us that the advance bipartisan pledge would have the happy effect of very considerably reducing the Wallace vote. The voters would be put on notice that Wallace's balance-of power strategy was not going to work, and that a vote for Wallace was therefore truly a wasted vote.

Political parties, like governments, hardly ever act before trouble is on top of them. This time Prof. Orfield has not merely sounded fair warning but shown what can be done. The major parties and their candidates will have no one to blame but themselves if they fail to take notice.

Who's On First?

Does Nixon have it sewed up? Yes, more or less, some pollsters say. Decidedly not, others say. For instance there is the *Washington Post*, which shows 644 firm or leaning to Nixon (667 are needed to nominate); 148 to Reagan, 255 to Rockefeller, with 176 pledged to favorite sons and 110 uncommitted. The American Conservative Union, on the other hand, shows 554 committed or leaning to Nixon, 318 to Reagan, 295 to Rockefeller, with 166 to favorite sons or uncommitted. Which poll is correct? Are they tendentious? If the *Washington Post* were playing politics, presumably it would have exaggerated Rockefeller's strength and downgraded Reagan's. What about the ACU? There are those who believe it is a wishful profile of voting strength: but those who so react are perhaps not aware that delegates tend to confide their convictions more readily to people who are close to them, than to anonymous reporters from behemoth municipal newspapers. Clif White, the Goldwater wizard, is working for Reagan and is in touch indirectly with the ACU. He is a professional and he believes that the ACU count is about right.

We will soon know, though what we will know will not retroactively disturb the polltakers. They will merely say that the situation "changed." That Senator Gluck made a deal with Governor Bluck involving Judge Cluck, and that changed everything. It is hard to know, and this year in particular, people are learning to speak less apodictically about the impossible.

Rockefeller on Vietnam

Rocky! (as Madison Avenue has taught us to think of him) has come out with his solution for Vietnam. It is absolutely unexceptionable. That is to say, we're for it. All that is required, in order to promulgate it, is to elect Nelson Rockefeiler as President of North Vietnam.

Consider. "Stage One" (it is inevitable that uneasy analyses are almost always presented in stages or steps, as though mere enumeration conferred soritical linkage) —"We begin a mutual pull-back." But indeed. Why not? "North Vietnamese regulars move back towards the frontier, while U.S. and Allied forces move back to the populated areas. An international force of neutral—and largely Asian—forces enters Vietnam, to act as a buffer between opposing sides. This is the beginning of a cease-fire." Mr. Rockefeller might as well have said, in showing us the way to Republican unity, that Reagan and Nixon should begin a mutual pull-back. The point of it is that Mr. Rockefeller is guilty of the same kind of vagueness he imputed to Richard Nixon last April unless he says: Stage I (b): If the North Vietnamese decline to pull back to their own frontier, then the United States should . . . (all candidates fill in here).

But the point, of course, is that Mr. Rockefeller knows all this. He is many things perhaps, but certainly he is not incompetent, to say nothing of his scandalously competent adviser Professor Henry Kissinger, who was once identified as "the anti-Communist professor at Harvard." He knows that his is no solution, but that it has the ring of action, and it is as the man of action that he is attempting to commend himself to the Republican Party and to the public in general, whose exhilaration he counts on being picked up by Mr. Gallup's seismographs. Talking about pull-backs, Governor Rockefeller quite evidently feels the need to pull back from such of his statements as won him the primary in Oregon last time around: "Winning the fight for freedom in Vietnam," he said then, "is essential to the survival of all of Asia. The Communist Vietcong guerrillas must be defeated." He senses now that there is a change in public sentiment, and the man of iron will and steely consistency heeds these changes, but is prudent enough not to specify, but rather to hide under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the illusion that Stages bend Communist wills.

The political and practical meaning of Mr. Rockefeller's plan is 1) vagueness on Vietnam is at a premium politically; 2) anything can be made to appear serious if it is spread over two pages in the *New York Times*; and 3) he does not know what to do in Vietnam, or at least if he does, he knows that it is unwise to say what.

Next Phase of the Gaullist Cycle

A chart of Charles de Gaulle's political career would display an involuted cyclical pattern. In each successive phase de Gaulle takes (or consolidates) power on a social base oriented toward the Right and then carries out a policy oriented toward the Left. At the end of the war he took over as leader of French patriots backed by the Anglo-Saxon war machines, and at once proceeded to incorporate the Communists in a government that nationalized large sectors of French industry and finance. In 1958 he was brought to power through right-wing officers who demanded an Algeria forever French. Before long he cut Algeria loose, started withdrawal from NATO and turned French foreign policy toward détente with the Communist nations.

Once more the cycle resumes. Confronting a revolutionary domestic crisis and failing to solve it by the supra-class device of a plebiscitary referendum, de Gaulle relied again on the Right—including those same officers of 1958 released from the jails and exile to which he had sent them—to shore up his crumbling regime. Believing that the only alternative in the actual circumstances was Communist domination evolving into Communist rule, the French voters rallied on the Right flank and returned an Assembly in which the Gaullist party (UDR) had a clear majority. That recorded, the curve moves into the next phase of the recurrent pattern. Georges Pompidou, linked through his career to finance and industry and by birth to the peasantry, and become a political leader in his own right through his handling of the crisis, is dropped as premier in favor of the non-political "technician," Couve de Murville. It is announced that the long-heralded program of universal "participation" in the economy is about to begin.

It is true that, in June, the only actual alternative to a continuing Gaullist regime was a left-wing united front which the Communist Party apparatus would inevitably have dominated. The French voters, having seen the face of the Revolution in their streets, factories and offices, overwhelmingly rejected that alternative—for which relief the nations of the West may give much thanks. But there is no evidence that this rejection of revolution was in any except the barest negative sense a vote of confidence in de Gaulle. On the contrary, the *Economist*'s authoritative "Foreign Report" is surely correct in finding that the popular support for the students and strikers in the early stages was an expression of total boredom with de Gaulle's patronizing, arrogant, strategically disoriented authoritarianism. It was this attitude that explains why de Gaulle's original proposal for a referendum made to his order got nowhere. Nor is it likely that "participation" is going to get much further. This concept goes back several decades in Gaullist doctrine, but has never been defined. It is profit-sharing, worker-participation in management and other elements vaguely reminiscent of Marx, Mussolini, Kautsky and Tito: a mixture for which both French workers and French employers have often declared their distaste.

During August, everyone in France goes on vacation, so nothing much will happen for a while—though the students in Paris seem determined to keep ovens banked. Come autumn, it is doubtful that the Gaullist Fifth Republic will be able to take up again where it left off in early May. What the crisis explosively revealed was the extent to which the impressive structure of Gaullist France was built of cardboard. The boastful franc went limp overnight. Servan-Schreiber's points about the obsolescence of much of France's technology and most of its managerial and labor practices were driven irrefutably home. The years of rudely asserted French autonomy collapsed into desperate acceptance of favors from central banks and foreign offices. With attention diverted from grandiose foreign policy pronouncements to internal stress and strain, it became suddenly obvious how absurd it was for a nation that is incapable of constructing an advanced computer to pretend to be a major global power.

France is going to have to concentrate for a while on paying the bill for the May-June crisis and carrying out a massive domestic reorganization. It does not seem likely that de Gaulle can successfully preside over such inglorious tasks. De Gaulle has often described the French people as "ungovernable," oscillating between anarchy and dictatorship, unable to make a parliamentary system work properly. By this diagnosis, indeed, he has justified his own authoritarian personal rule. Through an odd chance, the crisis conditions of the June election gave France for the first time in her history a parliamentary equilibrium that might become effective, and might accomplish the negotiation of diverse social interests into a viable regime which is the peculiar achievement of func-

Preacher Problems

Millennia ago, it seems
My minister developed themes
Related to the infinite
As registered in Holy Writ.
He loved to meditate on goals.
He often mentioned saving souls.
Way back then, no one thought it odd
If, once or twice, he mentioned God.
I know such sentiments are square.
I realize it isn't fair
To people under 25
Who simply do not dig that jive.
That's why, for fogies who believe,
At sermon time, it's best to leave.

W. H. VON DREELE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Kids - Danger.

Crime.

The kind that feeds on poverty, ignorance, despair.

Not crime in our streets.

Not crime in our subways.

Crime in our kindergartens.

Kids—American kids like yours, mine—fighting over the red crayon.

Spilling their milk.

Staying awake during nap period.

Even defying the story lady.

Everybody asks, *Why?* There are no easy answers, no quick cures.

I've been talking to kids for years.

I say we need a New Leadership.

One that will *communicate* with kids. All our kids—rich, poor, black, white.

And I pledge, if elected President, to do just that.

Nee-nee-na-na-noo-noo-nee-na.

Goo.

Nelson A. Rockefeller

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER

Governor Rockefeller needs your help. Call or write: Rockefeller, 50 West 44th Street, New York, New York 10036. Reprints of this ad are available, write to National Review, Department Goo, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. $5.00 per 100.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tioning republican legislatures. Perhaps, becoming confident of itself, the new French Assembly will come to life and guide France beyond a too arbitrary personal rule. If not—if the ruler of Gaullist France continues to be only de Gaulle—then, faced with the troubles almost certain to revive in the autumn, it is probable that de Gaulle's Bonapartist régime will have to rest more and more openly and exclusively on the army: that is to say, will evolve into an open military dictatorship.

A Puzzlement

The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of Chairman Mao chunters on, with every week bringing its complement of strange communiqués from the all too obviously mystified correspondents whom fate has assigned to report this historic upheaval to the outside world. Whether the dispatches come from Hong Kong, the West's "listening post," or from the streets of Peking, they convey the same out-of-focus picture—a political struggle of vast but unspecified dimensions, from which it is impossible to gain a notion of who is winning and who is losing.

The typical Red China story comes in two sizes—big and hazy or short and bizarre. News from this or that province, where epic battles are reported to be taking place, sometimes with dozens or even hundreds of deaths and injuries—the figures are always vague—must be taken into account along with odd bits like the information provided the *Los Angeles Times* by Robert S. Elegant: "The 'revolutionary workers' of the East Glass Works bitterly attacked the assertion that Chinese should be permitted to exercise their own preferences for pork rather than chicken."

"Taste can also be a dangerous luxury," continues Elegant, "as a fifty-year-old saleswoman in a Canton food shop recently discovered. When an enthusiastic teen-ager showed her his latest Mao button and solicited her admiration, she answered:

" 'Hell, what's so pretty about that?'

"A few days later a delegation of twenty activists called upon her. They beat her with sticks and belts, knocking her front teeth out. While she lay wounded, no one dared bring her food."

These tales have been coming out of Red China for two years now. They remain at a fixed distance from reality. In a paradoxical way their very eccentricity attests to the size, the total penetration of Mao's war upon "class enemies" in every aspect of their lives and beings. Every so often the spectrum widens to give us a glimpse, at second- or third-hand, of the effects upon ordinary life of the civil war which Mao's purge has precipitated. From Tillman Durdin in the *New York Times*: "A foreign traveler who recently passed through Canton depicted the city as a place of tension and misery. He reported that the ill-dressed populace looked dejected; there were accumulations of garbage in the streets, and public transport was little in evidence." That at least evokes the reality of a deprived and wasted capital—it could be Hanoi; it could be Havana; it could be New York.

But the total configuration is missing. The progress of the counterrevolution, the composition of its leadership, the extent of Mao's control over his own legions—all the big questions are still under speculation. Reports of foreign newsmen accredited to the Peking regime do not add much to our picture of things, which must be built up from the accumulated drift of hearsay, party publications, wall posters and smuggled unofficial reports. It is as if Red China were not another country, but another planet. Peking censorship is militant and pervasive. There is no official interpretive apparatus, not even a colony of sympathizers from the West who might make life easy for the foreign reporter. Yes, Red China possesses itself in mystery. How impregnable a mystery is suggested by Durdin's weirdest report yet, concerning a war which has broken out among the students of Peking University: "Unable to get guns, the students are using spears, catapults and iron bars and protecting themselves from attack with home-made body armor and helmets fashioned from up-ended buckets with a cutout for the face. . . . Observers do not know what the students fight about."

Your Ball, Folks

The New York City Board of Education, which has nominal charge of 900 schools and 1,080,000 pupils, is under orders to preside over its own dissolution. In response to mounting pressure from the ghetto for "community control" (pressure that took the unfortunate but perhaps inevitable form of noisy demonstrations and disruptions), the state legislature last spring ordered the Board to draw up a plan for decentralization of the school system.

Now Mayor Lindsay has given the decentralization process a big boost by appointing to the Board the Rev. Milton Galamison of Bedford-Stuyvesant, for whom let the record speak: He led two massive school boycotts, 1964, one smaller one, 1968; led a three-day sit-in at the Board's offices, 1966; has repeatedly called for the Board's dismissal; by his own admission, has been arrested nine times since 1963 in connection with school demonstrations.

Not that the appointment is necessarily a bad idea. New York's school system is, as Rev. Galamison has charged, "hopelessly bogged down in red tape, rigidity and bureaucracy"; its governing board of well-meaning laymen is reduced to rubber stamping the decisions of a self-perpetuating professional élite; it is, quite simply, Too Big. While all the city's children suffer—from hack, routinely promoted teachers and administrators; rigid, outmoded curricula and decaying facilities—the present system is especially hard on ghetto students. Slum youngsters are expected to develop an appetite for reading from the scrubbed suburban likes of Dick and Jane, characters as remote as Martians. They learn, by rote, to chant songs

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about little lambs with fleece as white as snow—while suburbanites attempt the boogaloo and *Time* puts Aretha Franklin on its cover. When they grow older, instruction is all but abandoned in favor of the mere custodial function of keeping them off the streets for a certain number of hours each day. Community-controlled school boards could hardly do worse.

Though the cry for community control has been taken up by militants who want only to engineer confrontations and bug the establishment, it originated with—and still comes from—parents concerned for their children's futures, who see education as the last best hope. The appointment of Rev. Galamison indicates that community control is going to happen. The ball will be tossed right to the parents, who will become effectively responsible for the quality of education their children receive—and who just might, amid extremist demands for courses in Swahili and guerrilla warfare, rise to the occasion.

Notes & Asides

A colleague, recently lecturing at Harvard, stopped by at the Faculty Club and spotted the coffee table or whatever, where the magazines plop, and found there not one not two but three copies of the *New Republic,* and not one not two but three copies of the *Nation,* which suggests not one not two but three things about Harvard, namely 1) that the Magazine Selection Committee of the Faculty Club is fat, lazy and ideologized; 2) that the members of the Faculty Club have less intellectual curiosity than they like to say they have; and 3) that the other-worldliness of typical Harvard pronouncements on matters of political and philosophical interest is easier to account for. There now; we feel much better.

■ It is probably worthwhile committing an historical or other solecism in this column, because the corrective mail flows in, exuberant and triumphant. I have been officially censured by the Stephen Decatur Society, which is described on its letterhead as "A Vast, Well-Financed, World-Wide, Super-Secret, Super-Patriotic Band of Militant, Dedicated Fanatics," of which I am a charter member. The Society's slogans include: "You may fire when ready, Gridley," "Don't let them immanentize the Eschaton!" and "Send the Marines to turn on the water." I attributed to Stephen Decatur (p. 644) the cry "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!" It was, of course, David Glasgow Farragut. "Dave," the Decatur Society's official newspaper remarks, "you will recall, lost his temper at Mobile Bay in 1864 and advised his boatswain to 'Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!' Actually," the report goes on, "as you are aware, some authorities believe he said *Full speed* ahead. In fact, as you undoubtedly know, there is really some question as to whether he did not use a more earthy term than damn (some believe naval historians merely cleaned it up for the history books). In any case, it was not Decatur who, during a particularly intimate embrace with the Tripolitan captain, said 'Damn, you need a man's deodorant!' "

And a young lady writes who says that she is in complete agreement with my analysis of the wrongdoings of the Barnard girl who set out last spring by personal example to repeal the institution of marriage. "I am a college junior," she writes, "and nineteen years old; what worries me is that I am in complete agreement with you. Am I some kind of a freak? And is it too late for me to get some help?" She raises a serious point. Will she be ostracized at Barnard for believing in premarital abstinence?

And my favorite of the week: "Dear Bill: I've decided to become a conservative. Might as well. Sincerely yours, Allan Goldberg, 2224 82nd Street, Brooklyn 14, New York, Senior, Lafayette High School." Though perhaps the most gratifying is from Mrs. Dyer of Woodland Hills, California, who has been betting on the conservatives. "On a recent trip to Denver I happened to read in the paper that a dog named William F. Buckley was running in the first race at Clover Leaf Track in Loveland that evening. I couldn't resist the temptation to bet on this dog. Thanks to you and my utter faith in your conservative creed I am $256 richer today."

■ From time to time I receive letters from readers who have been following the case of Edgar H. Smith Jr., convicted for killing a girl in 1957 in New Jersey, asking for news. Mr. Smith has all along protested his innocence and Mr. Donald Coxe of NATIONAL REVIEW first wrote about him years ago in this magazine. Subsequently, I wrote about him for *Esquire,* which essay is reproduced in my book *The Jeweler's Eye.* Now Smith has written a book which will be released by Knopf in September and concerning which there is enormous excitement in book circles. E.g., the German publishers Ullstein have paid a substantial advance for the rights to bring out the book there. Meanwhile, Smith is alive and well in the Death House, which he has occupied for eleven years. His case will be taken to the Supreme Court (on a petition for certiorari) by Edward Bennett Williams this week. If the Court agrees to hear, the case will be argued in the fall. More anon.

■ And finally, a mutinous reply from an editorial colleague, assigned a paragraph on the division in England over the race bill. "I'm very sorry, but I can't come up with anything on the British race problem. The British have a race problem, just like everybody else, and the particular issue at hand (*New York Times* 11:8) doesn't lend itself very well to our customary line of oh-look-what-hypocrites-they've-been-and-see-how-they're-botching-it-now-that-THEY-have minorities." **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Dissent": Once it signified diverse opinions within the limits of an underlying national unity. Now it has become an absolute—both the mask and the instrument of revolution in our society.

ALIENATION, 'DISSENT,' AND THE INTELLECTUAL

WILL HERBERG

SOCIAL ALIENATION, out of which what we now like to call "dissent" comes, is essentially a modern phenomenon in the Western world. In fact, aside from sporadic anticipation here and there, it did not emerge till the second part of the eighteenth century in France, appearing at the appropriate time elsewhere in Europe, and finally in the United States. And in France, as elsewhere in Europe, it was accompanied by the moral posture of "dissent," of intransigent hostility to the Establishment, above all, to traditional religion and Christianity.

This radical development in Western society is usually, and rightly, associated with the appearance on the social scene of the group we have come to call the "intelligentsia" (a word originally Russian). The intelligentsia were not, and are not, made up of professional or technical intellectuals, or only incidentally; the intelligentsia has been from the beginning, composed of free-floating *littérateurs* and journalists, sometimes academically connected, usually free-lancers, characterized by a monumental intellectual arrogance, people who felt themselves called upon to be a kind of cosmic commentators, critics-in-general of things-as-they-are. Their bitter anti-Christianity, often enlarged into a savage anti-religion, was a reflection of this. The modern world was already producing large numbers of educated, or semi-educated, people, who were convinced that, by virtue of their facility with words and ideas, they were entitled to an exalted place, a place of intellectual direction, in the society of their time. The world, they believed, was ruled by ideas, and they, the idea-makers (or idea-mongers) ought to have first place in it. When society, constituted on very different principles, refused them the inflated prestige and power they dreamed of, they, or considerable numbers of them, became alienated from society, moral secessionists, ultimately "outsiders." Such was the developed stance of the *philosophes* in eighteenth-century France. Alienation and "dissent" emerged as cultural phenomena of major importance.

'Europeanization' of America

Italy followed, and other Western societies. But, before that, Russia, where alienation and "dissent" took their more familiar revolutionary form, had given birth to nihilism and terrorism. Britain and the United States were fairly immune for some time, primarily because the vast expansion of economic life absorbed all the available energies of the educated elite. But, in more recent times, these countries too have entered the orbit; they, too, have developed their social alienation and "dissent" among groups of intellectuals, including students; they, too, have produced their "outsiders," their spiritual secessionists, their moral, even political, subversives. This phenomenon is so new among us that we really don't know what to make of it. Some of us are even foolish enough to try to understand it in indulgent "Jeffersonian" terms. But it is something very different, and quite sinister. We speak easily of the Americanization of Europe and the world; we ought not to overlook the concomitant process of the "Europeanization" of America, of which the large-scale defection of intellectuals is the most telling expression.

The alienated intellectuals in our society love to talk as though the positions they have taken on various social and political questions (Vietnam, pacifism, "racial justice," etc.) have led them, by way of reason and conscience, to their alienation and "dissent." But this is largely self-deception. Their "positions of conscience" are the expression, not the cause, of their alienation and "dissent." The dialectic of idea and historical interest, where ideas, such as they are, serve to articulate, express, and promote historical interests, has rarely been clearer than it is today among these *frondeurs* against the established order. The deracinated "outsider" intellectuals found in the past, and find today, appropriate ideologies for their posture in the various forms of revolutionary thought current in their time: once it was anarchism and socialism, then Communism (the "old Left"), and now it is that strange ideological mélange concocted by the youthful middle-class *enragés* known as the "New Left." But, in every case, it is not their revolutionary ideology that has made them "outsiders"; it is their stance as moral "outsiders," their extrusion, or self-extrusion, from established society, that has impelled them toward the extremist revolutionary ideologies of the day.

Yet the alienation of the Western intellectual runs deeper. It is the final outcome of the social and moral disintegration of the stable, ordered, stratified society we are accustomed to think of as characterizing the high Middle Ages in the West, where everyone knew his place in society, and had no difficulty in defining his identity in terms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his belonging. In that kind of corporate system, a "masterless man," a man on his own, a man belonging nowhere, was a strange anomaly. Where such men existed, they quickly moved to find themselves a place in the social order, or else they led a shadowy underground existence with no intellectual pretensions. Social alienation and "dissent" (in the sense in which we use this term today) were all but unknown.

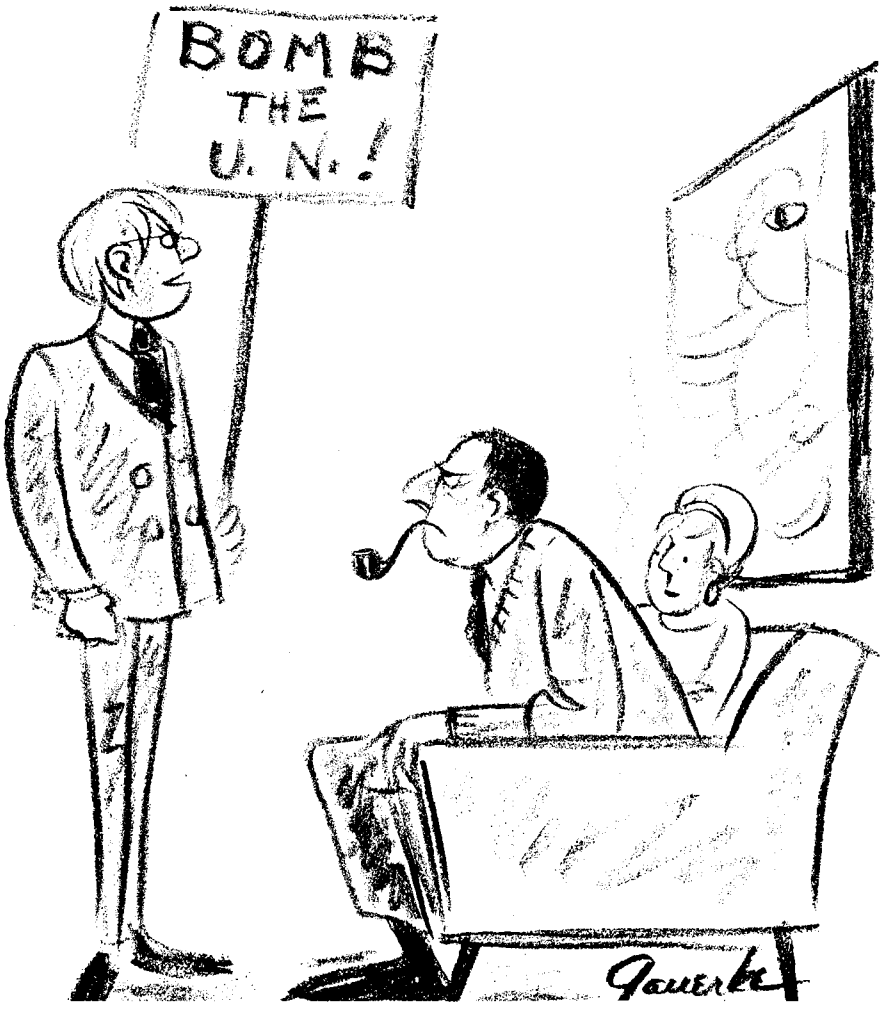
But this kind of society and culture, for reasons that seem to us good and sufficient, has had its day. The Promethean man of the Renaissance emerged, for a few brief years intoxicated with his new sense of autonomy, which could not entirely hide his growing disorientation and loss of identity. Now, for the first time, in the West, the problem of social alienation and identity rose on a significant scale.

But we must look closer. Large segments of the Western population were not drastically affected by these developments. The vast peasant population was still embedded in the traditional ordered society, and has largely remained so to our own day. When a modern proletariat arose, and with it social alienation and "dissent" in its classical Marxian form, the self-recuperative powers of healthy Western bourgeois society proved fully capable of dealing with it. And the way our Western bourgeois society developed to deal with the threat of massive proletarian alienation was that most bourgeois of bourgeois institutions—the labor union! Some conservatives—American conservatives, that is, not continental—often get so righteously indignant about the self-serving tactics of the labor unions (as though they alone were guilty of this), that they tend to forget the conservative, anti-disintegrative service the labor unions have rendered to our society. The proletarian in modern industry was fast becoming, and in part had already become, an "outsider" hostile to bourgeois social order, discontented, ever ready for any kind of subversive action. But, corporately, through his labor union, he has come to see the established order as his own, and he has developed a strong sense of loyalty and belonging. Despite appearances to the contrary, the working people of this country, and of others like it in the Western world, have come to constitute perhaps the most conservative element in society, with no trace of social alienation or "dissent"; whoever it be that regards himself as an "outsider" in American society, it is certainly not the organized working man.

The New Dissent

In fact, the only major group that seems to have experienced the full brunt of the disintegration of the stable society of the past is the intellectual—and, then, as I have stressed, not the professional or technical intellectual, but the free-floating journalist, or *littérateur*, or junior academician, who feels it his high prerogative, self-conferred, to destroy the existing social order, first with blasting criticism but then, in his extremism and frustration, with revolutionary direct action. These men have given a new meaning to the contemporary vocabulary of "dissent"; for them, "dissent" is not disagreement on this policy or that, however important: for them, "dissent" is rather a way of life, radical opposition, *a priori*, to everything the established order is or does. "Dissent" has lost its older relative significance of diverse opinions within the limits of an underlying national unity; it has become an absolute, without fixed content (are they for the old racial integration, or for the newer racial self-segregation?). It has become both the mask and the instrument of revolution in our society.

The American people, and the English people, too, had never paid any attention to the strident pronouncements of the radicalized intelligentsia. This reflects their essential conservatism, and does much to strengthen it. The radical intellectual, especially of the New Left variety, can make a good deal of trouble; but, intellectually and politically, his is an absurd breed. He seems, in the last analysis, to be unable to do anything but to think up ridiculous and destructive schemes, and then to wallow in self-pity because nobody (in this part of the world, at least) listens to him. □



"Look, Father, I'm up to here with your antiquated 'New Deal' notions!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Resolved: the only way to stop a riot is to keep it from starting. And the only way to keep it from starting? Three observers take the case, quack remedies and all.

1. WHEN LAW AND ORDER FAIL

LIONEL H. MITCHELL

IT IS NOT surprising that the Report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders (the Kerner Report) has become a touchstone for so many politicians, religious and civic action groups in an election year, since a report that condemned white racism a month in advance of the murder of Martin Luther King has several immediate advantages. One would suppose (from an imaginatively pragmatic point of view) that the Report condemned racism so lavishly in order to undermine the street dynamics of the "Negro Revolution" probably in the same fashion that Henry VIII, feeling the throne shaken by tremors of the Reformation, usurped the movement, led it from the throne, and turned it to a host of kingly advantages—political, financial, egotistical. However, is it not curious that a report on civil disorder (with humanitarian claims) failed to attempt to close the true "credibility gap" between the government and citizens—both black and white?

What is the "true credibility gap"? No rhetorical condemnation of "racism" can hope to bridge the ignorance that the average American citizen seems to harbor of late (whether these citizens arm for "black revolution" or "white defense") concerning the extent and power of the military might of the United States Government—its will and ability thoroughly to crush any civilian war regardless of its origins. Instead of moral rhetoric against racism, truly humane considerations would seem to dictate an examination of the fact that the American government will not, cannot, and *is* not going to abide a situation wherein white and black civilians use each other for target practice. It is almost as if all parties concerned in the Report agreed to allow each other to make as much political hay from this crisis as is possible in an open-end escalation that can only bring the maximum grief to lower-middle class and lower-class whites and black alike. Political hedging or "playing politics" accompanied the riots (especially at Detroit) from the beginning, it will be recalled—so confident was the central government, apparently, in its ability to keep the situation in hand that public personalities or egos had first to be considered before appropriate action was taken. This harmed not only business and property, but also those citizens, Negroes and whites alike, who were non-combatants; it wholly deserted lawful elements in both black and white communities and thus the conclusion of these elements that lawful power could not protect them gives further veracity to adventurers on all sides. Finally, the ensuing humiliation to local and state power that was the price for federal intervention at Detroit and state intervention at Newark will greatly increase, not reduce, the panic of other communities faced with this crisis.

Violence and Revolution

Why waste all the verbiage on racism when the population seems determined to bring back the wild, woolly days of the lawless frontier—if (as *Bonnie and Clyde* seemed to indicate) those days ever left in the first place? Curiously enough, the anti-colonial *revolutionaires* whose writings seem to influence would-be guerrillas in the United States are not without clearly spelled-out warnings against adventurism, nihilism, and downright prematurity. The theories of Guevara, Fanon, even Mao are not in agreement with much of the violent rhetoric we hear today in the United States. Race war is race war (i.e. aimless, absurd violence), to be distinguished from "revolution." Moreover, the three practitioners of revolutionary violence seem more explicit and humane in rejecting violence than the liberals who claim it must be accepted on the basis of its rationale alone.

The question of law and order must be approached on the grounds that serve as the basis of American government in the first place. One who understands and believes in the principles of this nation will readily see that it is no mere abstraction which holds government to derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. Moreover, this basic premise of American government is ignored by attempts to submit the racial crisis to police force. First of all, the police must understand that it is not their guns which permit them to pursue their task on the days of the year when there are no riots; but rather the conscious decision of nine out of every ten Negroes literally not to overrun the lone officer. However well-armed and numerous the police in any ghetto, ultimately law and order prevail by the consent of the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants in the area. If any ghetto withdraws that consent (and the riots so far have not demonstrated such wholesale withdrawal) no local police force (however well-armed) can contain such a situation. Moreover, making military hardware available to civilian law enforcement agencies tends to increase the availability of such armaments to the civilian population—a problem which the discovery of numerous arms caches should by now have highlighted. Local law enforcement was not conceived (and cannot be conceived) along military lines because short of a local draft the number of men needed to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occupy a ghetto as a standing army are not available to local police; neither are the revenues necessary to maintain standing armies in our cities available to sorely pressed local governments. The function of local law enforcement is to mediate in matters of individualized crime. The efficiency of that mediation is not facilitated by fear—great numbers of Negroes have by now seen cops break and run under mob pressures—but it is the confidence and mutual consent of the great body of citizens that best facilitate law and order. Race is a factor in much of American life, but the report of the President's Commission avoids this factor when it comes to police problems. It seems more bent on pushing such statements as ". . . any police officer, black or white, would have been killed . . .," or on emphasizing lack of respect for Negro officers: "The two officers most respected in the Negro community were white. . . ." Well, it would seem that if it's good sound social dynamics to have a solidly black area policed by a solidly white police force, it would work the same way if a solidly Polish neighborhood in, say, Chicago were served by a solidly black precinct. One can only wonder how much law and order would prevail in that situation. However, when most urban law-enforcement agencies were "integrated," it will be remembered that they were forced to respond to and help perpetuate the "melting-pot" myth . . . a city's liberal image looks far better with Negro officers peppering its tourist areas rather than concentrated in its ghetto. It is this curious disbursement which does more to undermine respect for Negro officers—for the simple reason that they appear powerless in their salt-and-pepper context. A ghetto situation requires a predominantly indigenous force with a vested interest in protecting the population, total familiarity with underworld folkways and tactics, and more importantly—that understanding of one's own which aids one in sensing who is liable to be criminally intentioned and should be watched or hailed, and who should be allowed to proceed about his business without interference, insult, or wasteful and false arrest. The ability to call a handful of people by their names in a potentially explosive crowd would do more to avert trouble than any amount of weaponry or training. Moreover, there is something grossly impersonal about a squad-car slinking along, shining a flashlight in one's eyes, and tensely awaiting suspicious moves, as compared to a man in uniform whom one has spoken to on the sidewalk and who is accessible in less than an hour's time when one's few little possessions or one's unpaid-for appliances have been snatched away. Is it not strange and curious that the Report, while lecturing white police agencies, does not call for the obvious? A policeman has neither the time, nor has he the training, to perform among his other duties the task of social scientist—especially with regard to a community he no doubt leaves with a sigh of relief at knock-off time. What is sorely needed with regard to crime in the ghettos is less political lip service than full backing for those elements within the community who are most hurt by crime.

Crime constitutes the greatest demoralizing influence that exists within the black communities. Neither privacy, nor property, nor security are concrete realities there—hence the will to build, a sense of permanency, is shattered by the imminent threat of criminal debauchery to whatever one acquires by one's sweat. A slum apartment has to be secured to withstand virtual siege if one does not wish to replace the radio, the television set, one's overcoats, cameras, and what-have-you on an average (if one is lucky) of three or four times a year. Welfare checks are not, strictly speaking, stolen—they are collected from the mailbox systematically (unless one meets the postman) and openly cashed on the very lucrative market provided by organized crime. The taxpayer, generous fellow that he is, replaces these checks to the needy family after they first routinely report this federal crime to the local precinct where the clerk affirms that this is a normal occurrence on the first and sixteenth of every month. Therefore, before any program of uplift can be launched successfully in the ghettos, the back of crime must be broken. If constitutional guarantees protect the superstructure of organized crime from apprehension, surely they do not protect its warehouses of narcotics from all but the occasional federal raid, certainly its markets for stolen goods could at least be sought out and systematically smashed. Negro leaders and liberals seem to shun the crime issue and this is remarkable in itself. However, their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

actions may be explainable in the context of conventional crime crusades (which produce an overweening amount of "dragnets" close to election time while business continues as usual for the superstructure). One can only hope that someday a national sense of outrage, a sense of decency will drag out the social rodents for whom America means and provides the freedom to turn almost any form of human degradation known to man into a profitable business.

Meanwhile, the role of the conservative is no longer best performed by providing a mere holding action against the liberal ideology. A more socially constructive task for the conservative may rest in the simple issue of candor: candor on the question of power; candor on the question of economic possibility within the present order of things; and more importantly, he must struggle to extricate himself from the conundrum of opposing integration by force on the one hand while maintaining a liberal-induced suspicion of Negro power, self-help, and autonomy movements on the other—thus effectively cutting himself off from the two main dilemmas within the Negro community at this time.

As a means towards "salvation for all," it should be obvious to all concerned that integration is a flop—an excruciating failure (it must be emphasized) for the solution of a racial problem that is political, economic, and cultural in character. It does not follow (as seems to be a deep-rooted liberal-Negro-leader neurosis) that facing that failure automatically means a society that is polarized or fragmented. Polarization is more likely to occur as a result of the excruciating pursuit of issues of forced morality (as witness the busing of school children who must then be forced to bear the brunt of social pressures which their parents will not accept and which the adult world is itself resistant to or confused about). Moreover, individuals who choose to cross racial barriers for the purpose of "race-mixing" will continue to do so—the liberals and leaders don't have to worry about that—but the point is that individuals like these can no longer be viewed as part of an ideology, as a collective solution or a viable destiny to be imposed upon a whole people. In any case, the true test of the liberals' sentiments is not the extent to which they can berate others about racism but the extent to which they uphold the right of the Negro to add his own authentic image to that of the whole society—i.e. participation without cultural editing in those areas of societal power clearly under liberal domination. It was liberal expertise, explaining the rising nationalism within the Negro community, that gave that initially positive movement (especially when one recalls that its first politico-social recognitions were anti-integrationist in character) its earliest experience with frustration—while at the same time the frustrators were explaining with considerable mendacity to the whole society: "You see, unless our programs are enacted immediately . . . there will be revolution."

Thus, the situation arises wherein you see the liberals insisting upon busing school children while there is considerable opposition to integration—forced or otherwise—by very vocal sections of the black community itself. The point is not (as we have been led to believe) the admittedly curious morality of the screaming white parents but rather the cynicism implicit in this frightful handling of as yet undeveloped personalities. Therefore, continued efforts of a purely integrationist nature (and the Riots Commission report is rabidly integrationist in its outlook) must be viewed as wreaking the most ferocious emasculation—political, economic, and cultural—upon the black community.

Were the conservative to listen with attention, rather than dismiss Negro unrest as a mere police problem or a liberal problem, he might find much in in the black community worthy of his support. After all, America is his country too, and it being his country he must participate in it with as much responsibility as his love dictates for "one nation. . ." The conservative is in a position to speak with the utmost candor on the issue of political power because he alone has been forced to organize the now emerging middle class. When one hears anything at all concerning or from the white lower classes, it is usually as a result of conservative and not liberal organization. And this is because the conservative understands how power is best established—by the smallest local unit based upon local activity, and not as a by-product of the national television camera. □

2. GENESIS OF A RIOT

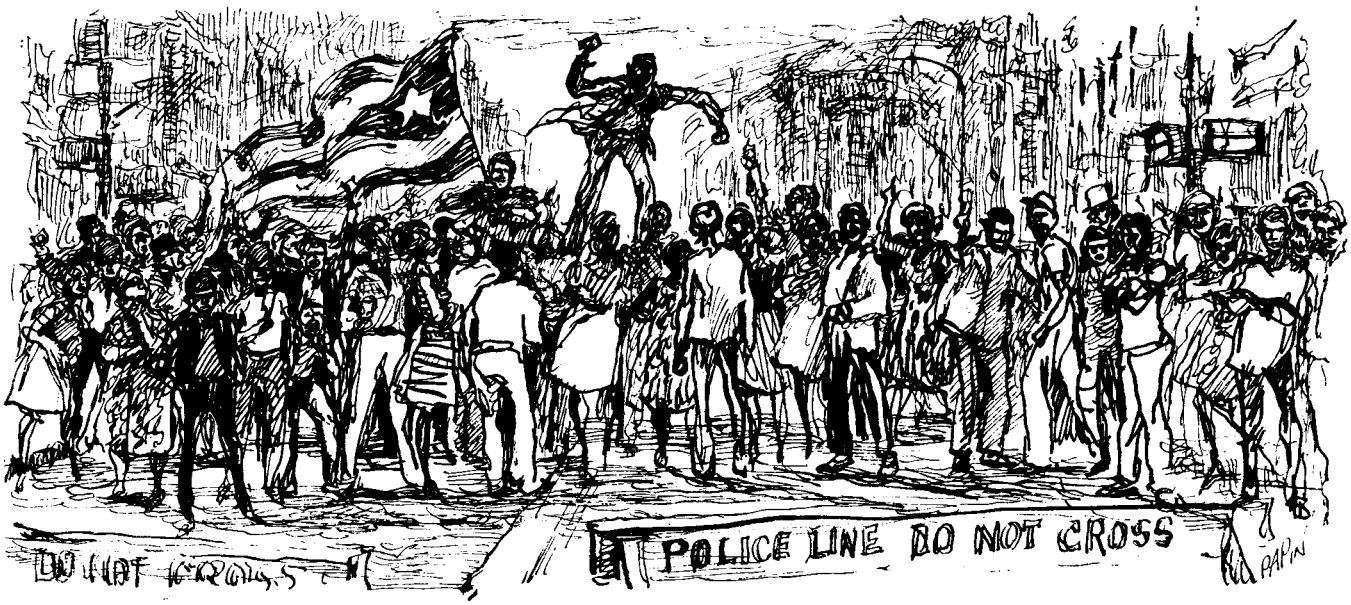
MARK EDELSON

THERE HAS BEEN an official interpretation for riots ever since they began in the summer of 1964 in central Harlem; one which has never wavered in its recriminations against the general society, and in its implied exculpation of the rioters. Since "studies" of these affairs all come out the same way (like a fixed fight) and since the deeper the study, the more general the self-recrimination, I felt this time I should see the seminal event "live" and not on tape a few hours old. A prejudice is a prejudice, I thought, and some are old and some are new. And these new ones against the society, which must be really, unusually evil to cause so many cities to burn, sound thinner and more mindless than the old ones, which produced the obscene English of "nigger" and "spic." And I understood that this oppressive, disparaged society had to be me. The indictment was not against the burners, but against those who did not burn, not against the looters, but against those who would not loot. Here, right at hand, lay an opportunity for a study truly in depth.

It was Monday night, July 24, 1967. I entered East Harlem a little after 7:00 P.M., from 125th Street and Lexington Avenue, and found it under occupation. Moving south down Lexington, and then switching over to Madison, I saw police on all four corners of every intersection, usually in pairs, sometimes bunched up in threes and fours. Besides the heavy foot-force there was the cavalry of patrol cars and scooters. The force appeared to be almost 90 per cent white, a fact which has been grist to the mill of some anti-police writers, but which I found viscerally reassuring—an example, alas, of prejudice, but a very comforting one.

The occupiers, however, were not from another country, but merely another area, or areas, of the same city. If you want to postulate East Harlem

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



is a different country in our midst (as lo those white ideologues who follow he chic of calling it "El Barrio"), then t means that you are willing to concede polyglot America, beginning in New ork . . . a country which is not willing ven to enforce a linguistic homogene-ty, and is ready to overseer, or at least versee, its own cultural fragmentation. f we no longer have an East Harlem, r even a "Spanish Harlem," but in-tead "El Barrio," then the city is giving self away in pieces. Chinatown or ittle Italy, after all, are linguistic indi-ations of Americanization. "El Barrio" escribes, not an oppressive but a tired ociety, one no longer willing to main-ain even its most basic substructure. hen, America would really be Rome r Carthage—though just in the begin-ing stages.

The blue occupiers were notable for umbers, but even more for passivity. nd this was to be their character and ole all evening. They were a satura-on, but a very quiet and inoffensive ne. Unless the presence of an Ameri-an peace force in an American city East Harlem) is to be regarded in it-elf as offensive. The police, even the ictical force (who were off the streets lling the luncheonettes and pizza par-ors), looked warm under all their quipment, and some were obviously red, but I saw no pugnacity or quar-elsomeness on any of their faces. They re, of course, part of that oppressive nclosing society which the automatic artisans of all minorities recriminate n the wake of all rioting, but accord-ng to my experience (or prejudice, or oth), if there was any easily definable group of good guys in that night's inter-action, it could only have been these armed men.

It Takes One to Quarrel

As I moved downtown, switching every couple of blocks, westward to-ward Park and Madison or east to Third, I saw knots of adolescents and post-adolescents, just off the avenues and on the side streets, which them-selves were generally unpoliced. In East Harlem, and Central Harlem also, this is not an unusual sight, particularly in season—the warm months. In the rapidly shrinking enclaves of white New York the people come out in sum-mertime also, but the cluttered and pulsating street is a specific characteris-tic of the Negro and Puerto Rican areas. This time, however, there was a difference. Hostility was seen and felt on those side streets, just off the avenues. Whether this youth or that young man had undergone brutality at the hands of these other youths and men I do not know—that is a matter for real and careful proof, not easy apologetics for the underdog—but there could be no mistaking their sullen faces and mood to quarrel. It does not take two necessarily to make a quarrel. One can do it if he tries hard enough.

Of course, most of the people in the streets were not so predisposed. They were as pacific and unconcerned as the police. They were living out their early evening as casually as they had just lived out their day. Whether they, too, were the victims of a society which de-serves to be recriminated by its own in-tellectuals, I cannot say—but the thought occurred to me that if it is so, then the Caribbean must breed a maso-chistic race—did not all these people come here as volunteers and write back signaling their relatives and friends to make the trip, too?

It was now past eight o'clock, and I was on Lexington Avenue below 116th Street, where the clutter of East Harlem is broken, as it so often is, by one of the landscaped and airy city housing projects. I had intended to get a con-tainer of coffee and drink it outside, in one of those unofficial little parks be-tween the project buildings, when I noticed a movement of people. It was eastward toward Third, which I had left for Lexington at 116th Street. This was the first sight of something definite, so, giving up my plans, I became part of the movement, and came out on Third at 111th Street.

Almost a block away, I could already see it was the focal point of the argu-ment. But you heard more than you saw. You heard the speaker, a hoarse, abrasive voice (in Spanish), and with-out knowing Spanish you knew it was not an address, but at the very least a harangue. You also heard the crowd, or parts of it, as animated as the speaker, already an organism, exhilarated by a preliminary victory.

The victory: control of the intersec-tion of 111th Street and Third Avenue. The speaker was standing on what looked like an inverted city litter bas-ket, not on the sidewalk, but where the four roads crossed. The crowd of two or three hundred was itself mostly in the intersection, and it knew as much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the speaker did that the intersection had been taken from the city and that the city had not reacted. It was a type of minor annexation—for New York, the government, had retreated a block and a half away. A block and a half north and a block and a half south on Third was again the characteristic governmental presence, large numbers of police, but passive and non-reactive. More than that, they were cooperative. Barriers had been placed across Third, and the normally busy traffic was police-directed away. That meant cars, trucks and the important Third Avenue bus route were all interrupted so that activists against the police could harangue a crowd. To emphasize the tone of the speeches, two people stood beside the platform and held up a large Puerto Rican flag—but there was no American flag, here at Third Avenue and 111th Street, to keep it company, and no one in the crowd seemed to mind.

Speeches Ran True to Form

The speakers continued in English and in Spanish—someone in the crowd next to me translated the Spanish. There was a familar, almost formula list of complaints about housing, police and the schools, but the tone was not one of petition but one of truculence and, climactically, of ultimatum. Mayor Lindsay was told to come uptown and negotiate by ten o'clock (about an hour away) or the area would explode. It seemed reasonable, I thought, to be truculent. They had already annexed the street. They had cut off traffic. They had seen the city withdraw its authority a block and a half away. They had seen an allegiance to Puerto Rico (but not the United States) placed next to the speakers—and, there was no reaction.

Shortly after nine o'clock a police observer was spotted on one of the roofs overlooking the meeting, and the crowd, by now *itself* truculent and visibly exhilarated, shouted and shrieked to have him brought down on the obvious premise that this area belonged to them, and not to the government of New York City. The roof-observer did come down—he was ordered to do so by a police captain, who came into the insurgent area from his position a block and a half away. Then, both he and the roof-observer retreated to government territory. In one other incident, a patrol car coming into the intersection along 111th Street tried to drive carefully around the crowd, but it massed and rushed on the car, ordering it back out of the area; and it did go back, without contesting the intersection.

These capitulations did not relax or quiet the crowd, they visibly enlivened it—the concessions fed, not tranquility, but aggression. The police were becoming, obviously, not good guys, but small guys. The speeches had heated up the crowd, but I believe it was these small capitulations which pushed it over the line into riot.

It was shortly after the rooftop incident that the first bottle was thrown. It broke in the street without hurting anyone—but it made everyone turn his eyes, not toward the area from which it came but toward the police, just beyond the insurgency. The police, government itself, was being tested again. And, following the pattern, there was no reaction. Within a minute or two, the first bottle was followed by small barrages, not thrown at any person or group, but at the emptied street—the crowd had retreated from the avenue itself and were now along both sidewalks, a great part of it up against the building line. It was now possible to see that a knot of people had emerged from 112th Street, on the east side of the avenue, and that they had made the attack. At first it was a quick sally onto the avenue to throw, and then back into the darkness. But there was no police reaction. Having apparently collected every no-deposit bottle in East Harlem, they came out into the avenue itself. Then, standing in the light, they began throwing the bottles boldly at the buildings and store-fronts, and then at the quiescent policemen themselves.

There were no more speeches—and whether the bottle- and rock-throwers had once been in the audience was something I could not tell; but the violence began just after the harangues, and almost at the same point. Also, the audience which had so protested the police did not, as far as I could hear, protest the obvious brutality of the flying bottles. There were police now among the crowd, and then between it and what was now the start of the riot. They were still, the police, a quiet presence, not active against anyone. They were, in their new position, merely a new and easier target for the rioters. This made us targets, too. The crowd dissolved into doorways, store entrances, flattened against buildings, and moved off the avenue into the side streets. I was a victim of its own work.

The police had now infiltrated the area in strength, still avoiding large movements, always emphasizing presence instead of action. They were now targets, both for the rioters' bottles and the non-rioters' ridicule. Those who had listened to and applauded the repetitious statements of police brutality now taunted the inactive police. (I thought "That was an awful lot for eight thousand dollars a year.") There was no retort from the police, now helmeted, but they were no longer relaxed. I saw many sullen faces. They were like cats ready to move, but they did not move. When the bottles came at them, now generally in clusters, they flattened as far as they could, against the building line, turning away their heads, taking the fire with their shoulders. It occurred to me: the preponderance of weapons is with the rioters. Because, though the police all have guns they don't use them. And the rounds of ammunition here were glass. It was becoming, as a matter of fact, a contest between armed and unarmed men.

To Bell a Ca

At this point the looting began. All evening, law and government had been probed, defied and repudiated, in measured steps. The key always seemed to be the nonreaction of authority. It seemed to occur this way now. The street and sidewalks were mainly broken glass. There had been no move against the people who had done this and now they made their own greater move. The rioters moved from their point on the corner of the avenue and 112th Street, and pushing down the avenue itself a few feet, stalled in front of a supermarket boarded up along its whole length. It took almost ten minutes of heavy work to pry open the wooden slats—ten minutes of present but absent government. When the boards finally came off, the rioters stopped to cheer their work, and then began to smash in the plate glass. This, finally, was the point of contact. Squads of police, from several directions, moved in on the rioters—but did not rush them. Apparently they were being given time to get away. This particular store wasn't looted. The rioters broke very quickly and fled before the police, foiled but not captured.

It was now a little past ten o'clock

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and for the next two hours I walked Third and Lexington Avenues, between 111th and 102nd Streets, part of the shapeless lump of anarchy that moved from block to block, reproduced itself, and proliferated in many directions. The shape of police, and thus of governmental action, beginning at the captured intersection of 111th and Third, was repeated many times and solidified into the pattern of government for that night. The first duty of government is not to dispense justice but to rule. And in that section of the United States that night, there was no rule, only the shapeless lump of anarchy, moving up and down the avenues and streets, often dispersed by the police, never suppressed.

The mob did not appear brave to me. It was an example of bluster, not of *machismo*—the bully, not the man. The mob always broke before the essentially unarmed police. In the cross-section of riot I saw, I never observed one clubbing, and, though many shots were fired, often in volleys, it was always done for effect, harmlessly into the air.* The rioting never stopped or diminished because the rioters were never apprehended but merely dispersed, moment to moment, to continuously re-form, on other blocks, with the increasing awareness that they had achieved a supra-equality before the law—they were now more equal than others.

The apologists for rioters who from a distance conclude our sympathies should be more with the lawless than the law, should be air-dropped into the middle of the next disturbance to find out from experience whether the flint of anarchy is deprivation or truculence. I saw no hollow cheeks, patched clothes or tragic eyes among the stone-throwers—but I did see continuously the liquor of power in all their faces—and I had the apprehension, as well as they did, of a declining, and even vanishing government. By midnight, when I left the zone, there was only a pinpoint of government left (thought it was a heavily occupied area), not because a government was now despised—but because, through its own inactions, it was *properly* despised.

When an organism becomes unable to react, then we know it is dying. A government had become so obsessed with minority complaint that it had forgotten how to rule. There was so much intellectual self-reproach and quibble in its mind that it was unable anymore to express its own right to live. This erosion of power, though internal, has a telepathy which is apprehended as quickly as fear. And it is appetite to truculence. Whatever the quantum of social inequity there may be in New York—after decades of welfare-oriented administrations—still the major phenomenon of this city is not injustice but the decline of government. Self-recrimination and self-doubt, both cults now, have subtracted from the desire to live. The aftermaths of these riots are more damaging than the period of anarchy itself. If looting and arson are defined as a form of protest or petition, as the curious apologetics always run, then the society which supports and even subsidizes these apologetics is inviting itself to be dissolved, is yearning for its own death.

More dangerous than the exceptional periods of riot are the quieter interludes. For some time now, government has not existed in East Harlem (or Central Harlem) as it exists in Jackson Heights or Flatbush. The real constant in the Negro or Puerto Rican areas is not the police excess, and certainly not the police atrocity, but instead the great difficulty of making normal arrests. The real news is the number of minor mob actions against the police which are never news. The main problem in the various slums is the problem of restoring government itself to these areas. The withering away of the state has progressed further in parts of New York City than any Marxist covenant yet applied.

Someone must have been sacrificing to the rain gods during that night of suspended government, because a little after 2:00 A.M. a heavy downpour fell on the city, both the governed and the ungoverned parts, and a deteriorating situation was cured by weather. The next day, through a process of redefinition, what was palpably a riot to those who had been there was reduced to a "disturbance" by those who had not—part of the new alchemy of government. But a government (or quasi-government) that shuffles definitions to make things come out even must be more interested in theory than in fact. It may not always rain in time. □

*Bullets fired "harmlessly" into the air by a police force under lethal attack from glass and stone represent the optimum of restraint, caution and self-risk. But a city block is a confined place and can give a bullet, no matter how harmlessly intended, two or three lives, and the first ricochet can bring a casualty, the result neither of intent nor recklessness. Two died that night of gunshot wounds, traced to police weapons. Both victims were apparently in the "audience" of the riot, which drew many, for many reasons. Though disturbing and repelling (at least to one member of the audience), it was a good show but it was a dangerous attraction. The tragedy of these affairs is that the innocent always get hurt. If the police ever aimed their shots specifically to kill, or even to wound, it was an anomaly of that evening, and not a characteristic. And, in the fairly comprehensive crosscut of the evening I observed, there was not even that anomaly.

3. MONEY TO BURN

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

THE GOVERNMENT, at various levels, is concerned with how to channel aid to riot-damaged areas. It also is considering programs to induce or compel (or substitute for) private insurance companies to insure property and businesses in areas in which riots have broken out and may again break out.

The intention—to help riot victims—is laudable; nonetheless such efforts would also help, or even subsidize, rioting, and thereby produce more riot victims. Further, if the Federal Government hands out subsidies, local authorities will see their liability to riot victims reduced. Ambitious politicians thus may, at times, be induced to let property be destroyed instead of protected: it may enhance their popularity with the group bent on destruction—and the Federal Government will compensate the owners of the destroyed property.

I believe that the proper policy should aim at discouraging riots, at encouraging police forces to protect life and property, and at encouraging stable neighborhood elements to discourage rioters. It should be preventive rather than corrective, and, even after the fact, aim at prevention of recurrence more than at repair of damage.

This means that the Federal Government must not compensate any riot victims directly or indirectly. Compensation must be left entirely to local authorities. They are, after all, in charge of local protection. Secondly, property holders in riot-prone areas should be allowed to take out whatever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insurance they can. But the Federal Government should not underwrite losses directly or indirectly by subsidizing insurance. To do so would be to tell in advance both the property owners and the rioters that the game will cost them nothing: it will be at the expense only of the taxpayers. Finally, areas in which riots have happened should not be rewarded by an influx of federal money to rebuild what rioters have destroyed.

These considerations lead me to suggest that the Congress should make a law prohibiting the expenditure of federal money for at least three years after the riot date in areas in which riots have happened. From this prohibition one might exclude only a few expenditures unrelated to riots, such as military expenditures or expenditures on roads—although here, too, one must make reasonably sure that no subsidy is sneaked in. By a riot area I would mean one so certified by police authorities or one in which looting has taken place since the date of the law, or an area in which policemen were wounded (so as to have to spend more than a week in a hospital) or killed, during civil unrest. It would be far too lengthy a business here to draft the kind of law I have in mind. I must therefore confine myself to suggesting it, and to attempting to justify it; let me indicate, though, that there is no technical obstacle to drafting such a law. Obviously, such a law would deprive not only rioters, but also residents who had nothing to do with the riots in their area, of the federal benefits they now enjoy. There might indeed be some hardship cases. I do not see, though, why these could not be taken care of at local and state government levels.

There is a twofold rationale for the proposed law. On the one hand, the neighborhood that has passively tolerated the riot will now find it in its interest to prevent another. Knowing as much, such a neighborhood may take preventive measures. Similar reasoning applies to the actions or inactions of local authorities.

To Understand Is Not to Justify

Secondly, the budding tendency of the Federal Government, so clearly suggested in the Kerner report, to, in effect, reward rioting will be effectively quashed. If we allow rioting to function as a reminder of the unfulfilled desires of the riot-neighborhood, and if as a result of the rioting we start to fulfill them, then, despite all denials, we justify the riot after the fact. Negro militants will, quite rightly, point out the advantages secured by the riot. They will be able to say, "If you riot you get it—look at what happened elsewhere —if you don't, you don't." The only way to counter this is to make clear that "if you riot you won't get what you would have got if you hadn't, and you will lose what you have got." It is not enough to say so; we must do so.

Negroes and the poor in general have many just grievances which should be acted upon. However, we should act upon these grievances where there have been no riots, and suspend action where there have been. Else we would reward riots and establish them as an effective grievance procedure. In effect we would say, "You can burn it up, baby, if you are mad, and we will replace it." Riots can be explained. But they cannot be justified. We must not act as though understanding the causes of riots implies condoning, accepting, or justifying them. Yet unless we act along the lines suggested above, that is what we are doing. (It need hardly be said that states and localities should reserve severe punishments for rioters and looters. As yet I know of no efforts even to recover looted goods or punish those who knowingly possess them.)

Often I can understand all too well why a man kills his wife. Sometimes one feels more sympathy for the murderer than for the victim. In many cases putting the murderer in jail is not going to help him or the murdered wife. It may not rehabilitate him, or he may not need rehabilitation (he may never remarry). Nonetheless, if he is not at the least jailed, other wives would not be safe. He is placed in jail, that is, to deter and discourage others, and to make sure that his act is unrewarding. For even the worst wife does not justify —though she may explain—murder. I think the case is sufficiently analogous to that of riots to take analogous action. And don't tell me that penalties have not prevented wife murders. Most wives —miraculously enough—survive. What other explanation could there be? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD OF SIRHAN SIRHAN

THE ASSASSIN IN HIS CONTEXT

DESMOND STEWART

NO LEGAL SYSTEM condones the crime of assassination; the assassin is everywhere tried as a murderer. Yet a particular interest rightly attaches both to the motives of an assassin and the system of values in which he has been raised. Brutus who killed Caesar was admired by many of his contemporaries since they saw his motives and his action in the context of a tradition which honored tyrannicide. Though Senator Robert Kennedy did not live to be a President, still less a tyrant, his murderer had motives which will be explored by lawyers; he stands in a distinctive tradition which accounts for what he did.

It cannot be proved that Arabs are statistically more inclined to assassination than other peoples; Sirhan Sirhan is certainly the first Arab assassin to have affected American history. But Arab society in the Middle Ages was frequently shaken by political murders. The tradition began early. Of Muhammad's first four successors—the men known to Islam as the Rightly Guided Caliphs—only one, the first, died in his bed. The rest were murdered. The murder of the fourth profoundly affected Arab history. Ali, both cousin and son-in-law to the Prophet, was unable to maintain the unity of Islam. A fanatical sect decided on a swift answer to the problem of disunity: they would impartially murder Ali and his two chief enemies (one in Syria, the other in Egypt) on the same day. Only Ali's assassin succeeded; Ali's rivals survived to persecute his party, known as the Shia. In the eleventh century the Shia produced dedicated killers who gave us the word *assassin*. Inspired by dreams of paradise derived from smoking hashish, the *hashasheen* left their mountain hideouts to kill their appointed victims. These included Crusader generals.

Since 1800 Middle Eastern assassinations have been more prosaic. In the Egypt of King Farouk assassination was as frequent and as various as in America. One Prime Minister, for example, was assassinated by Muslim Brothers; their leader was in turn gunned down in the streets of Cairo. Since the Revolution of 1952, Nasser, too, has been fired at on several occasions. In Jordan, where Sirhan spent his childhood, King Abdullah was murdered in 1952 on his way to a Jerusalem mosque.

These killings were rarely furtive; the assassins usually made little attempt to plan an escape; they regarded their own fate as part of the program. The killers were usually idealistic young men, unprompted by mercenary considerations. They represented, in the climate of the times, a distorted version of the *ius rebellionis*. In countries where the democratic process did not operate, the politically inflamed felt that they had the right, even the duty, to slay. The man who slew the enemy of his religion or his country would enjoy much the same prestige as was enjoyed by the Western rebel.

But how could any Arab cast a man like Robert Kennedy—human-hearted despite his wealth—in the role of tyrant?

Back to Balfour

The answer lies in the desperation of two and half million Palestinians, either scattered in a new diaspora from Kuwait to Los Angeles, or living in what was once their country as resident aliens. These Arabs feel, rightly or wrongly, that their local tyrants have been less the cause of their sufferings than Olympian, often liberal, figures far from their shores.

When Sirhan's father was born, Palestine was part of the ramshackle Ottoman Empire; nine-tenths of its inhabitants were Arabs. In 1911 Arthur Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, aware of what the Holy Land meant to the Jews and needing Jewish support in the war against the Kaiser, offered this inhabited country as a "national home" for the Jews, though this offer was hedged round by qualifications safeguarding the civil and religious rights of "existing non-Jewish communities." The British Government, through another spokesman, simultaneously promised the Arabs independence in the Arabic-speaking areas of the Ottoman Empire if they would enter the war on the Allied side. The Arabs, taking this promise to include Palestine, entered the war. Hitler's later atrocities to the Jews turned a slightly folk-weave vision into an escape route; on their side the Arabs began to resist what they saw as a policy of demographic change. Since the late 1940s, when the British abandoned the attempt to square the circle of their mandate, America has been the major supporter of the Zionist dream. In 1947 American pressure secured from the UN a partition plan which awarded 55 per cent of Palestine to the Jewish minority; by the end of 1948 the new state of Israel had secured 75 per cent of mandated Palestine; this had grown to 100 per cent, with the addition of Sinai and part of Syria, by the end of the June War. Arabs, like other peoples, tend to blame outsiders more than themselves. They believe that American politicians have taken decisions adverse to the Arabs because of internal electoral pressures. Their feelings towards American politicians can be as bitter as those of subject peoples in the past towards their tyrants.

In the case of Sirhan there is a further complication. As a Christian, Sirhan belongs to an Arab minority. In traditional Arab society Christians and Jews were treated better than religious minorities in parts of Europe, but they were not the equals of the Muslim majority. The modern world was brought to the Middle East by the soldiers of Napoleon who invaded Egypt in 1798 and by Protestant American missionaries who arrived in Lebanon in the 1830s. The French brought the revolutionary notion of a secular society where all might be equal under law. (As invaders they were also resisted. A young Syrian, Suliman al-Halabi, won renown by assassinating General Kléber in Cairo and then heroically enduring a barbarous form of execution.) The American missionaries introduced the notion of territorial patriotism. Their pupils, for the most part Christian Arabs, communicated the idea of nationalism to the Muslim majority, whose previous "group feeling" had been one of Islamic solidarity. Butros

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bustani, a pioneer translator and lexicographer, affixed the slogan "Patriotism is an Article of Faith" to the Arabic newspaper he started in Beirut. In modernizing the Middle East the graduates of such institutions as the American University of Beirut and the American University in Cairo played a role out of all proportion to their numbers. These graduates were politically pro-Western. They were elated when in the First World War the Christian West supported the Arabs against the Turks. They were as abruptly cast down when the West seemed to threaten their region (as in the Suez War of 1956) or when, as in 1967, the West seemed to side with the Israelis against the Arabs. The bitterness of a Christian Arab is sharper than the bitterness of a Muslim, who never expected much from the West. The disappointed Arab Christian reacts against possible Muslim suspicion (the Arab Christians had suffered during the Crusades, having been identified with the invading Franks) by an increased nationalistic fervor.

We can see these disillusioned Arabs in a mirror provided by their apparent opposites.

In nineteenth-century Vienna, Theodor Herzl had embraced European culture with abandon. As a student he had joined a dueling club; later he advocated the mass baptism of European Jews. Herzl's experience at the Dreyfus trial, when the cry "Down with the Jews!" accompanied the degradation of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, was a traumatic experience which turned him decisively toward the rejection of Christian Europe. Herzl's disenchantment with Europe then was of the same order as the Arab disenchantment with the West now. While Herzl was an idealist whose weapon was diplomacy, his disciples felt and acted as violently as Arab nationalists do today. Count Bernadotte, the UN mediator, fell victim to a Zionist bullet twenty years ago in Jerusalem. Now in faraway Los Angeles Robert Kennedy has been killed by the young Christian Arab who came to America to get an education and who, while there, lived through the reporting of the June War, to Arabs the equivalent of the Dreyfus affair to the Jews. A few days before his death, the Senator advocated sending further arms to Israel to guard against an Arab attack. The day before the murder thirty of Sirhan's compatriots died in the Israeli attack on the small dusty town of Irbid in northern Jordan. Between these two facts there was a connection which the busy, outgoing Senator had not seen. Even now Americans have not realized that their electoral campaigns, their least decisions, affect not only two hundred million citizens of America, but thousands of millions in the world outside. □

THE MEDIA AND THE ASSASSINATIONS

CHRISTOPHER EMMET

THE DISTORTED and counter-productive effects of much news media treatment of the Kennedy assassination compounded the tragedy itself, just as they did in the case of Martin Luther King. The impact of most of the reporting and editorial comment, here and abroad, was to suggest that both tragedies were typical of America and therefore proved the "sickness of our society," the special nature of "American violence" and the guilt which all white Americans should feel over the assassination of three of the most prominent champions of Negro rights. A more likely explanation of the three murders is that there must exist in a nation of 200 million people tens of thousands of psychotic potential murderers whose unbalanced emotions and resentments are stimulated by the pace and change of modern life, emotions which may be activated by the effects of instant television. There also seems to be a contagious effect, which leads psychopaths or neurotics to imitate highly publicized acts of violence, just as it helps organized, cold-blooded revolutionary groups to exploit and imitate both the hysteria and the techniques revealed by the television pictures of the revolts in other countries. For example, the French students at the Sorbonne used the slogan, "This is our Berlin," referring to the Berlin riots against the Springer press after the wounding of Rudi Dutschke. Similarly, the German who shot Dutschke said his action was "inspired" (or more aptly, "triggered") by the murder of Dr. King.

This last conclusion was evidently shared by Robert Kennedy himself. In an article in the May 30 issue of *Le Figaro*, Romain Gary quoted Kennedy in a recent conversation as follows: "I know that there will be an attempt on my life sooner or later. Not so much for political reasons, but through contagion, through emulation." Kennedy added that the world was in a peculiarly sensitive mood for this sort of emulation. Although he did not say so, surely it must be obvious that this mood is stimulated by instant, worldwide, massive and often morbid news coverage.

The charge that America is uniquely a "land of violence," especially violent death, stands to be refuted by the fact that in all the student demonstrations in this country ever since the beginning of the Berkeley troubles in 1964, there has not been a single death, while there were two deaths in Germany after the Dutschke shooting and at least five student and police deaths in France. True, there have been numerous American deaths in our race riots, but that is an especially explosive problem which does not exist anywhere in Europe on a remotely similar scale. Many more political assassinations occurred in Europe and Japan than in America from the 1920s through the 1940s, not to speak of the innumerable near-miss assassination attempts on General de Gaulle in the 1960s. It is a pure matter of chance. If there are more attempted assassinations or threats of assassination against American Presidents than against European Presidents or Prime Ministers, this is undoubtedly because of the far greater power of the American Presidency. Of course, European critics of the U.S. do have one valid point, even though its significance is exaggerated. That is the greater number of American *shootings* in contrast to other forms of violence. But there is an obvious explanation for this, too. In our Bill of Rights, the spirit of which is now glorified not only here but all over the world, the right of citizens to possess and bear arms is specifically included. It is probably this tradition even more than the tradition of the "Wild West" frontier which explains the more widespread possession of firearms in America. Another relevant fac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tor is that hunting, in season, is possible in America on such a wide scale that hunting and camping have become a mass sport; while in Europe the more crowded conditions largely confine this sport to the few remaining aristocratic land-holders or the very rich who rent or buy their land. It is this American sport, this tradition and this constitutional provision which so long made it impossible to impose gun control laws here remotely like those in Europe.

In the Robert Kennedy case the treatment by the news media, and the wrong conclusions many drew from the tragedy as a result, are easy to demonstrate because the most significant hard facts about the assassin were not featured or headlined in the early, psychologically crucial days following his act even in this country, and still less so abroad. In Europe, even where Sirhan's Jordanian birth and sympathies were mentioned, his diary was seldom quoted, and the overwhelming importance of Sirhan's Arab origin and motives seldom stressed in editorials, television or radio comment, outside the Near East. That this was especially true in Britain is illustrated by the appearance of former Prime Minister Macmillan on the BBC. There he tried, tearfully, to defend America against a flood of British accusations, but did not mention that the assassin was not even an American

citizen. (It is also worth recalling that Lee Harvey Oswald also renounced his American citizenship when he attempted to settle in Russia, and that he was trying to get to Castro's Cuba just before he killed the President.)

The worst effect of playing down the clear evidence of the Arab origin and motivation of the crime occurred within the American Negro community. The assassination of two of the most popular and powerful champions of the Negro cause within a few weeks, combined with the assassination of President Kennedy, in which a right-wing plot is still suspected despite the findings of the Warren Commission, produced the natural conclusion that a plot or at least a pattern exists to link all three assassinations. (The fact that the latest martyr, Robert Kennedy, had the most evident cause to challenge the Warren Report if it was wrong about Oswald, and did not challenge it, is overlooked.)

Skein of Pro-Communism

This suspicion of a plot, or at least a conviction of collective white guilt, was openly voiced by the leaders of the Poor People's Campaign and other leaders. Doubtless the ensuing publicity about Sirhan's background has softened this false impression, yet so far none of the Negro leaders who expressed it has withdrawn the charge. The fact that there may well have been a white racist plot in the murder of Dr. King makes it all the more important to bring out the total absence of such motives in the Kennedy murders. As things are, the emphasis on a collective American guilt in the news media coverage and comment during the first days of shock after Los Angeles could have a prolonged damaging effect, at least among the less educated members of the community who are most prone to rioting and violence.

Insofar as the hard facts became widely known in the first few days, the credit must go to Mayor Yorty of Los Angeles, however one may feel about his record on other matters. It was he who first "leaked" the existence and contents of Sirhan's diary to the news media. Mayor Yorty's press conference was carried live by NBC. At the conference he was cross-examined in a hostile spirit by the newsmen, and immediately afterwards the head of NBC News, Edwin Newman, tried to refute the significance of what the mayor had said. Yet Yorty did not say he thought the assassination was part of any Communist plot. He merely pointed out that all the Communist countries fervently support the Arabs against Israel, that Sirhan's diary praised the Communists, that pro-Communist literature was found in his room, and that any pro-Communist influence on, or contact with, Sirhan would serve to reinforce his Arab fanaticism.

Mayor Yorty also said that the crime might have been stimulated by television, because it obviously dramatized and heightened all the political tensions surrounding Kennedy and the California campaign. Naturally this frankness did not endear the mayor to the media.

However, the excuse the media gave for playing down the facts about Sirhan and his diary, and not stressing the obvious conclusions from them, was that to publicize the contents of the assassin's diary might prejudice his fair trial, and possibly even lead to the reversal of a conviction by the Supreme Court. But the legalistic argument for suppressing publication of Sirhan's diary became largely irrelevant once the facts had been widely publicized by Mayor Yorty, at least in California where the jury must be drawn. Yet the Establishment press throughout the country continued to neglect the diary's significance in the first crucial days of shock and mourning, and since any damage to the trial of Sirhan had already occurred by Thursday morning, it seems probable that subsequent neglect of Sirhan's diary by most of the media had other than purely legalistic motives.

In any case, by leaning over backwards to observe the legal amenities, the media and the liberal leaders overlooked the fact that it was not only Sirhan who would be placed on trial, perhaps months from now. The U.S. was already on trial in world opinion. To ignore the facts about Sirhan was to encourage a false indictment of the United States.

(Continues on page 763)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

HOMMAGE A MONSIEUR COHN-BENDIT

LETTER FROM THE CONTINENT

There was the French government, with a very small majority, just squeaking through in Parliament and desperately relying on the presidential power to which the French have barely become used. Then the student rebellion, led by the German Daniel Cohn-Bendit, got under way, the very authority of the state was put in question, the workers saw an opportunity for blackmail and nearly wrecked the French economy on the very eve of the final realization of the Common Market which left France without protective tariff walls. The government, it will be recalled, called new elections which netted it the biggest majority in French history. Without the initiative of Daniel Cohn-Bendit this would never have happened.

One might imagine a grateful UDR (the Gaullist *Union des Democrats pour la Republique*) erecting a monument in front of the Sorbonne for the wily German, brilliant orator and hair stylist M. Cohn-Bendit. Unfortunately, though it is a beautiful theory, there is no substance to the story that he was in the pay of the Elysée Palace. Even so, President de Gaulle proved himself a first-rate Machiavellian, and it will be some time before the world learns to what extent he was driven and to what extent he really was the driver. It looks as if he brutally, cruelly and craftily made use of an evolution with revolutionary aspects, counting with a grin of satisfaction every burnt car, every dug-up pavement stone, every cracked rib, every smashed window, every empty pot in a worker's kitchen. Clever, too, was his switch from plebiscite to election, since French constitutional law provides for much bigger majorities in the latter.

The students will be indignant about this defeat and it will turn them further away from democratic ideals; they are a minority and it is now clear to them that only numbers count. The Communists are furious because they lost more than half their seats. Contrary to what the average man thinks, the Communists do not like anarchists unless they serve as trailblazers in a bourgeois society; in their final aims the Communists stand for law, order, discipline, planning and obedience without discussion. The rioting students always remained suspect to them.

Now that the dust has settled observers are wondering at the inanity of the entire student movement on the European Continent (and beyond). Recently I spoke with the rector of an old Central European university, a man who has frequently talked with student delegations. The smaller their grievance, he found, the more detailed in character, the better the chance to discuss and to solve the problem. But as to their larger complaints and major aims (and this is true everywhere), the students themselves are uncertain about them. On the one hand there is the desire for greater autonomy of the university, a desire that does not take into account that the state has to finance these institutions almost entirely. On the other hand they understand autonomy as the joint management of the university by professors, assistants and students, extending to the whole order of studies.

Of course, there is this to consider. If the students are permitted to prescribe what they are to learn and how, and how strictly they are to be examined, academic levels will quickly descend far below those of the authoritarian universities in Eastern Europe. It is interesting that the rioters, for the most part, are drawn from students of the humanities—sociology, philosophy, philology, art, history—and only in rare cases from students of the exact sciences, who know that mere talk can never replace the orderly acquisition of knowledge.

The irresponsible logorrhea of the students on these matters has come to be the hallmark of the intellectual democratization of graduate student bodies almost everywhere. The students not only demand a "new university" but also a "new society," while they themselves are incapable of producing even a utopian blueprint. It is by no means the USSR they would like to imitate, but, rather, a totally imaginary Red China with wall newspapers, permanent rioting, sexual promiscuity and pop art.

The new de Gaulle regime will have to restore authority and in this it will be aided by a police force which has developed a genuine hatred for rioters and demonstrators. The regime will undoubtedly assume (perhaps against its will) a more authoritarian if not autocratic character. The public, up to a point, even demands this. It will carry out a number of reforms, but will certainly not usher in a new society. Co-management in the factories is a problematic import from Germany which may well work, unless extended to the commercial side or connected organically with the trade unions. (Last, but not least, there are manufacturing secrets and also the permanently possible conflict between investing and profit-sharing which cannot be solved "democratically.") Higher wages will mean higher prices, as de Gaulle candidly and grimly told his listeners, and higher prices will result in enormous imports from the other Common Market nations. Here it should also be mentioned that the French Communist Party is by no means overenthusiastic about co-management (which to it smacks of the Yugoslav experiment) and will have to ponder a lot about its own future course. And so will the ever-victorious, arrogant old General whom a great part of Europe sneakingly and grudgingly admires. He no longer needs the support of the "Independents" and the brilliant Giscard d'Estaing, but he is bound to realize that half the French people did not vote for him. His victory was indeed great—but not total. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANK S. MEYER

WHAT IS AT ISSUE IN 1968

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

It is remarkable how, for decades, the liberals, and now their left wing and the radicals, have succeeded in determining the ground rules of American politics—establishing ideological chimeras as the basic issues for debate, terrorizing opposition (as they did in 1964) when it raises true issues based on reality, setting up their own definitions of what is "moderate" and what is "extreme."

Thus, despite his horrendous programmatic opposition, Senator McCarthy is somehow presented as a "moderate," while Governor Reagan, who represents the essentially moderate and anti-ideological outlook of the great majority of American citizens—the stable citizenry, with what used to be called "a stake in the country"—is branded as 'extreme." So far has this gone that I have heard considerable admiration for McCarthy's tone expressed among conservatives and, also from some conservatives, a fear that Reagan as a candidate 'would polarize the country"—which is just another way of calling him extreme.

THIS IS NOT a matter of personalities. Should Nixon win the nomination and campaign on the only basis on which he can be elected, as a conservative in opposition to the entire record of the Kennedy-Johnson Administration, there is nothing said about Reagan today that would not be said about him. The reason Reagan, not he, is cast as the extremist at this time is that Nixon has continued to display an ambiguity (one night mention his flirtations with Lindsay and Percy) that it is to be hoped he will drop if he attains the nomination. It is because of that hope that conservatives can envisage supporting him if he is nominated; but it is because Reagan's position is clear, while his is not, that many conservatives still hope that it is Reagan who will be the nominee.

Actually, these concepts of extremism and polarization are irrelevant to the reality of American society today. They are reflections of an ideological distortion, which the liberals and radicals, with the aid of the mass-communications media, have superimposed upon American reality. That reality I had occasion to analyze in a recent issue of the *New Republic*, which had asked me to participate in support of Reagan in a symposium on Presidential candidates:

"The central social fact in America in the years since World War II is that formerly disparate classes are cohering into a homogeneous body that incorporates three-quarters or more of the population. Cutting across and eliminating the former regional differences, uniting to a very considerable degree the interests of country and suburb, town and city, this body includes office worker, service worker and industrial worker, farmer and small owner, technician and salaried executive, in a mode of life varying widely in detail but giving birth to broadly similar attitudes and aspirations.

"I do not rejoice in this homogenization; as a conservative I much prefer variety of every kind—regional, cultural, individual. But it is a social and political fact, which all politics from here on must reckon with. And, while the ethos of this new American society is not one to produce civilizational brilliance, it can produce stability, sober progress, and satisfaction in life. It is an ethos in many ways the modern analogue of the agrarian community upon which the Founding Fathers built.

"It is this ethos to which Ronald Reagan, more than any other man on the American political scene, gives expression. In a world buffeted by the storms of ideology, he is sane, decent, moderate. The central themes of his position are moral order in society, personal freedom, and national dignity."

No Republican candidate who does not give expression to this broad consensus of the overwhelming producing majority of American citizens, white and black, can hope to win. Indeed—and perhaps of even greater importance to the future of the republic—if no major candidate does give such expression, a tremendous section of this vote can well be captured by the demagogy of George Wallace, with the resultant creation of an extremist movement outside of the traditional pattern of American politics.

THE MUCH MORE dangerous extremism, however, is that represented by the McCarthy and Kennedy forces, who are attempting to mobilize a movement based upon the non-producing sections of the American population, for whose comparatively small numbers they hope to compensate by terrorizing first the Democratic Convention and then the electorate. The reckless demagogy of McCarthy was typified in two successive days recently, when he proposed, first, the disarmament of the United States relative to the Soviet Union by ceasing work on Sentinel, Minuteman III and Poseidon, and, second, the declaration of a national emergency because of hunger.

Of course, in charity, we owe to the poor and the alienated consideration and help. But that is a very different thing from a politics based upon the blackmail demand that it is they whose wishes should rule a great producing society—or, more to the point, that power-hungry men should be allowed to achieve power, using the poor and the alienated of city and university as their battering ram. It was such tactics that destroyed the Roman Republic, created anarchy, and opened the way to imperial dictatorship.

The blackmail of such men and their supporters cannot be allowed to inhibit the Republican Party from expressing the underlying conservative consensus of the American majority. Whoever is the choice of the Republican Convention, the stand of the party and its nominee can yield to the liberal-radical ideologues only at the cost of disaster for the party and the country. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSELL KIRK

CONSERVATIVE MINDS AT WORK

FROM THE ACADEMY

Be not altogether dismayed, friends, at the noisiness of the New Left in church and state. As Burke compared the radicals of the eighteenth century to the grasshoppers of the pasture—voluble but powerless by the side of the cattle who dominate the field—so it is in our time. And the thinking and publishing of some gentlemen of a conservative cast will have an effect more enduring than any quantity of sleep-ins.

Consider the little magazines. I propose to describe briefly here two publications of recent origin which do something to redeem the time.

The first is *Religion and Society*, a bi-monthly journal edited by the Reverend Angus MacDonald (Box 56, Bayport, Minnesota; $5 a year). Undertaken, with almost no assistance, by an intelligent minister, this publication (the fourth number of which should appear about now) is a serious and well-written counterblast to the several religious journals which discern no enemies to the left.

Among the recent contributors to *Religion and Society* are Dr. John A. Howard, president of Rockford College; Henry Hazlitt; the Reverend Royal G. Davis; William F. Rickenbacker; and your servant—the last represented in the May number by a piece on "T. S. Eliot's Permanent Things." Mr. MacDonald's editorial remarks and book reviews are lively, and the magazine can print articles considerably longer than those which appear in NATIONAL REVIEW.

As Dr. Howard writes in the May number of *Religion and Society*, the driving element in the forces which seek to establish a totalist society "is a far-flung group of intellectual social theorists whose principal home is the college and university campus. Their views control the atmosphere and the content of the education of college students, but their views also dominate the plans and policies of many other influential agencies—the intellectual journals and the popular magazines, the revolutionary movements of Black Power and Student Power, much of organized labor, the gigantic foundations, and a very large part of the executive branch of the Federal Government."

To such schemes, Mr. MacDonald's magazine opposes T. S. Eliot's idea of a Christian society. And it is not impossible to oppose this coalition successfully.

Take a vigorous publication by conservative students which I omitted in my recent roundup of such journals: *The Alternative* (No. 6, 1200 North Indiana, Bloomington, Indiana; published September through June, $1.50 per year). The editor is Mr. E. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., an Indiana University student who will work for his doctoral degree in history next year; he is helped by four other students, but has accomplished much through this magazine and allied activities.

"I STARTED the magazine with another fellow last August," Mr. Tyrrell writes to me, "with no past history either as a writer or as an ideological crusader; it merely seemed like the best way to present to the Academy an 'alternative.' Though it might look like a heavily-endowed operation, it is operated on the most amateur and fiscally hazardous basis imaginable . . .

"We are, as I see it, one of the first major colleges ever to throw an entrenched SDS administration out of student government. Our influence has gained for us the control of the largest campus party in the Big Ten. We have successfully captured the imagination and admiration of moderate students. And now, through the magazine, my colleagues and I are going to challenge the faculty, administration, and alumni, to afford an 'alternative'—to balance this liberal bark with some conservatives. We are organizing a committee of moderate (there are no conservative) professors to combat the ultra-left committee now extant."

This group plans to organize "Alternative Week" and various seminars at Indiana University. They hope to increase the circulation of *Alternative*—which is not lacking in wit—to five thousand copies.

To what is *Alternative* an alternative? Why, to the apparatus which Dr. Howard describes. A fuller account of the radical coalition, bent upon domination of the campus, may be found in a large and thorough pamphlet by Mrs. Alice Widener, *Student Subversion*. This may be obtained from *The Daily Calumet*, 9120 South Baltimore Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for 75 cents; or it may be found on some city newsstands.

Mrs. Widener's booklet probably is a principal source for the detailed accounts of SDS and its allies which have been published in recent weeks by Mr Drew Pearson and some other columnists not ordinarily given to viewing with alarm the machinations of radicals Systematic and accurate, the energetic Alice Widener prints extensive extracts from the radical pronunciamentos and journals.

I doubt that most administrators possess imagination or energy sufficient to restore order in the mind and order in the academic community. If recovery is accomplished, probably it must be the work of certain able students who know that we weren't born yesterday. It is by no means inconceivable that some of the students who recently stormed college administration buildings may be persuaded to move in an imaginatively conservative direction, if only because disillusioned with the anarchy which their radical leaders brought. Not a few of the complaints of the New Left against the modern campus and the liberal domination of American society are sound complaints; it is their remedies which are mad. Church and state campus and foundation, do require an alternative: the recovery of order rather than the triumph of chaos. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rhetoric Schlesinger Envied

The Jeweler's Eye
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Putnam, $6.95

HUGH KENNER

Bill Buckley is my favorite Lost Cause. A cause is lost when, like the restoration of the Austrian monarchy, it will clearly be opposed, even unto oblivion, by what Yeats called the gyres of things, and the moment is gone — it vanished, perhaps, with Jefferson—when such gifts and prelilections as William Buckley's were of manifest and institutionalizable public utility.

For what definable role does the Republic offer him? Public office? Nonsense; the game is too tedious. Academic eminence? Too constricting. Some powerful person's *éminence grise*? Even positing a suitable person, he's not *gris* and couldn't be. Resident intellectual? Again, positing a suitable climate, he's insufficiently fanatical. Political theorist? But we're bored to death with theory.

So he's left to assemble a role out of odd jobs, editor, columnist, TV host, nose-tweaker of the *New York Times*, debater, campaigner, educator, author, moving so fast he's always in at least three places simultaneously; and sure enough the taxonomists whip out their notebooks, the generic category having presented itself: Entertainer!

Which is ridiculous, but how it comes about is instructive. A good place to begin is with one self-characterization: "a perfectly average middle-aged American, with, however, a jeweler's eye for political truths." He says that he said this with calculated effrontery," as part of which effrontery I accept the "perfectly average."

But it's not the jeweler's eye we're normally allowed to hear about, it's the calculated effrontery, the principle of nothing-ever-quite-in-excess: the rhetoric Arthur Schlesinger (for one) envied but later didn't want to be caught envying. (When his admiration was publicized he pulled down the corners of his mouth as per numerous photographs and took Democratic Action by ringing for Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst. Late-comers can read of the *sequelae* on pages 251-7 of this book.)

In the great world such batrachian reticence is exceptional. The usual strategy is to admire all-out the snazzy phrasemonger, the wicked Cupid plucking from his quiver words we didn't know existed to transfix our innocence with: to hail, in short, a phenomenon of high-camp showbiz. Since politics is primarily entertainment, rhetorical flash in the vicinity of politics is just supreme entertainment: one no more expects to hear truths than to hear the beatitudes recited at Minsky's. Once nudge that tacit premise into a reader's mind, and he'll take the truths and the neon phrasings alike, as complementary effronteries, entertaining, disposable.

But grudging appreciation of how-he-says-it doesn't begin to appreciate; it misses the energy of mind that controls on their serial trajectories so many words at once, precisely out of concern for serious truths. Classic Buckley isn't neon, it isn't phrasework, it's syntactic energy, propelled by passion for complex interrelations.

THE GENERATING FORCE of Classic Buckley whirls a long sentence, just restraining its energies, at varying velocities past two or three points of dangerous approach: "The salient economic assumptions of liberalism are socialist. They center around the notion that the economic ass can be driven to Point A most speedily by the judicious use of carrot-and-stick, an approach that supersedes the traditional notion of conservatives and classic liberals that we are not to begin with dealing with asses, and that Point A cannot possibly, in a free society, be presumed to be the desired objective of tens of millions of individual human beings."

Note the rapid concretion, "economic ass"; the stoic scholasticism of "Point A"; the node after "carrot-and-stick," where the proverb is completed but (surprise!) the sentence isn't; then the retarded pace, picking through twenty-odd careful words, suddenly accelerated at "dealing with asses"; then a glimpse of Point A again, to curve the orbit inward, and a careful deceleration through unforeseeable syntactic obligations to the point of rest, "individual human beings." Which, with its minatory *gravitas*, is where we've alighted, having careened past "ass" and "carrot" and "asses" and (twice) "Point A": nothing *quite* in excess.

Maxim: you can make phrases without meaning very much; but syntactic energy is uncounterfeitable, and nothing will propel it but that thorough grasp of your meaning which certifies to realities underlying the meaning. Negative demonstration of maxim: Walter Lippmann, *passim*.

BUT I WAS QUOTING *Up from Liberalism* (1959); and here's a longish sentence on a related topic from *The Jeweler's Eye* (1968): "Concerning the humanitarian treatment of the needy, the conservative has historically stressed the efficiency of the free economic system, and this was a great semantic error, because he might better have stressed the word 'humanitarian,' rather than 'efficient,' since, in the economic context, they are exactly synonymous." So help me, page 34. Keen ears may catch the knots vanishing, with tiny snaps and pops, from Arthur Schlesinger's psyche.

Granted, I could find hundreds of better sentences in *Eye*, but nothing so indigestible, undigested, in *Up*. What's happened?

Chiefly, it seems, an accommodation, dating back several years, to the news-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Obviously National Review is your kind of magazine—

so why not take this opportunity to introduce us to your friends?"

Yes, introduce some friend of yours to *National Review* **now.** What better way can your friends get really unusual coverage of what must surely be the most fateful election campaign in history? Nowhere else but in NR, of course!

So use the card facing this page today. We will send the next four months—the next 8 big issues of NR, from now through the elections—for just $2.98. (That's just 18¢ a week!). Do it **now,** before you forget? Many thanks.

paper, a low-definition medium. Much of *Eye* consists of two-pagers, two book pages being a newspaper reader's thrice-weekly ration of opinion (with an extra paragraph for the weekender). Such pieces are written often and written fast. I've seen it done in twenty minutes, and hasten to recall how Whistler put down the accusation that he asked 200 guineas —1878 money—for the labor of two days: "No;—I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime." If they were not written fast they would acquire a surface glaze from which the commuter's eye would instantly rebound; imagine being forced to empathize with that carrot-and-stick sentence, with, after a long hot day, the Long Island roadbed imposing its emetic rhythm!

What we get, typically, to assure us it's Buckley, is one rich clout or maybe two per column: "I do not enjoy spelunking in human depravity. . ."; ". . . a taboo, for the maintenance of which the *New York Times* would go to the electric chair"; "'The church is a great place for all things,' said Dr. Wendt, who perhaps will stage a black mass on St. Stephen's altar next week, to drive his point home."

Phrasal, not syntactic. The energy remains, but no longer an orbital energy, simply the energy that doesn't hem and haw. Which is to say, the political truths discerned by the jeweler's eye are isolated, affirmed, and left to carry their own conviction. The job of the columnist is to extract some substance, moral or philosophical, from a day's events. Once extracted, it carries conviction or it doesn't; there's no room, in six or eight paragraphs, to equip it with wings and a tail.

A BOOK of irresistible political reflections, runs the jacket subtitle, as though proclaiming the primacy, at last, of substance. So bedazzlement with how-he-says-it will no longer distract the innocent?

Alas, it's not that simple. The mere application of mind to events is enough to distract the distractable indefinitely. It is instantly attributed to cleverness. For it's clear, and was even clear before the Time of the Assassins, that the application of mind has very little to do with political realities (of which insight the textbook *in extenso* is *The Unmaking of a Mayor*); and the populace, sensing this, will concede to Mind the entertainer's role but no other.

Moreover, the newspaper's unit of attention, and hence its readers', and hence the columnist's, is limited by inflexible convention to the single day's single event, and he who looks before and after is understood to be intellectualizing gratuitously. Accommodating to this, the Buckley strategy is to posit that despite all its taboos on mind the world of public happenings is in fact saturated with ideology. It was not until 1774—say a million years after respiration commenced—that we discovered we breathe oxygen, and fish very likely do not know yet that they swim in water; analogously, it is still not common knowledge that the day's facts, as reported, are turbidities in a warm bath of ideas. The connection between, say, Sputnik I and the deficiencies of American education, or between deer hunters and Sirhan Sirhan, is simply the ideological medium in which these items float.

SO THE BUCKLEY enterprise is largely one of demythologization. Show how today's happening has been co-adopted by the structureless tendentiousness that passes alike for reporting and for political sentiment; if there's room, rebut; and in the interests of the reader's patience, keep it lively.

A necessary labor, though one could wish someone else were performing it: for its very conditions—the haste, the brevity the medium—swallow up those great skills he expends on an ampler topic, and with more time for polish. A few of the longer pieces in *The Jeweler's Eye,* notably "The Assault on Whittaker Chambers" and "The Approaching End of Edgar H. Smith Jr.," serve to confirm the persistence of those skills. One wishes for more like those two, which literally no one else could have written. One wishes their author were free to write a dozen like them a year. Simultaneously one does not want the column not to continue. And one wishes him freed from slavery to the typewriter. One wishes, as usual, for the impossible. □

The Armies of the Night
By Norman Mailer
New American Library, $5.9

Supernation at Peace and War
By Dan Wakefield
Little, Brown, $5.9

ANTI-MATTER AS JET-SET JOURNALISM

JEFFREY HART

About ten years ago, when a concerted effort was under way in New York to radicalize the cultural climate, I dropped in on a symposium held at Columbia on the subject of The Thirties. Norman Podhoretz, Norman Mailer, and several other shills for the *Zeitgeist* were holding forth on the theme: Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, when all the drugstore dialectics trooped to the Feast of Reason in Union Square. Everyone in the audience got the message: for eight years we had dozed in the Eisenhower dark, but now at long last, great things were going to happen. It was a Pisgah vision. Mario Savio and Mark Rudd were moving in the womb of time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inevitably, the shills in the symposium ·gan to discuss McCarthyism, and they ll to arguing about which of them had ıffered the most, and they examined one ıother for wounds. But suddenly the ıestion arose: What about Mailer? What ıd he done during the terror? Had he not treated to the Id? Done a turn as the 'hite Negro Othello? Been *nonpolitical?* limbed down from the Wallaceite heights *The Naked and the Dead*?

No, by no means, responded the Brook-n Byron indignantly. He had fought the scists. His valor was plain for all to see. ow had he fought? Why, in *Barbary ıore* he'd made the FBI man a homo-xual.

There you have it: the Mailer imagina-ɔn—pure comic strip. And now here it again, a decade and five or six bad ɔoks later. Mailer and the flacks and ıills have marched on the Pentagon, and ſailer has sobered up long enough to get ımself arrested. Mailer gazes into the ıces of the United States marshals. Here ·e the thoughts of the Artist:

> Now the hollows in their faces spoke of men who were rabid and toothless, the tenderness had turned corrosive, the abnegation had been replaced by hate, dull hate, cloud banks of hate, the hatred of families who had lost their greed. So he was reminded of a probability he had encountered before: that, nuclear bombs all at hand, the true war party in America was in all the small towns, even as the peace parties had to collect in the cities and the suburbs. Nuclear warfare was dividing the nation. The day of power for the small-town mind was approaching—who else would be left when atomic war was done would reason the small town mind, and in measure to the depth of their personal failure would love Vietnam, for Vietnam was the secret hope of a bigger war, and that bigger war might yet clear the air of races, faces, in fact —technologies—all that alienation they could not try to comprehend.

'hat do you think of that? Mailer is ll of this kind of Insight. Homosexual BI men, rural atom bombers. Mailer's riting has the penetration and com-exity of *Batman*.

And the style. Mailer's grip on actual-y is so feeble that nothing disciplines e prose. He grabs you by the lapels and : stands on your shoes and he babbles vay. But there is no substance, nothing being delivered. In a Mailer sentence ost of the words are along for the ride. ne is staggered when he intimates that : has some sort of connection with Hem-gway. On this fantasy Hemingway him-lf made the definitive comment. When ſailer sent him a copy of *The Deer ark*, Hemingway returned the package ıopened.

The remarkable thing is that Mailer, ɔr Manhattan LitCult, has become a Major Talent without ever writing a good book. Still, at a time when Presidents can't govern and generals can't fight and admirals can't hang on to their ships, it's probably asking too much to expect writers to write.

DAN WAKEFIELD has much less talent than Mailer. Imaginatively, he reminds you of anti-matter. As you begin to read his prose you experience a veritable lesion of interest, a complete evaporation of all curiosity about what will come next. You read one of his paragraphs, and a few days later you have an impulse to read another one. Only utter banality of mind could achieve so paralyzing an effect.

In this book, Wakefield travels around the country interviewing various traitors, draft-dodgers, drop-outs, and decadents. He records their wisdom at tedious length. But he has hit on a brilliant device. Every so often he interrupts his narrative with news reports of stupid statements by congressmen or generals, etc. The idea is that the congressmen and generals are fools and that this explains the traitors and drop-outs.

Wakefield was a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. He has written five books in seven years. I have the sinking feeling that he is going to write more. You can see a picture of him on the dust-jacket lighting his pipe. □

Incident at Boris Gleb: The Tragedy of Newcomb Mott
By DeWitt S. Copp
Doubleday, $4.95

FECKLESS VICTIM OF COEXISTENCE

WILLIAM J. GILL

Two and a half years have now passed since the death of Newcomb Mott in Russia. How many of his fellow citizens in America even recall his name? In the swiftly accumulating violence of what the Soviets openly refer to as the "final phase" of the world struggle, Mott's fate has been submerged among the proliferating footnotes of recent history. Yet the tragedy of Newcomb Mott is one of the most poignant parables of our time, the tragedy of one man wrapped revealingly within the larger tragedy of what has happened to his country. Fortunately, Mott's story has been movingly resurrected by DeWitt S. Copp, a professional writer with a special insight into the parabolic possibilities of the victims Communism would most like us to forget. (His last book, written with Marshall Peck, was *Betrayal at the UN—The Story of Povl Bang-Jensen.*)

Almost from the moment that the Soviets served up Newcomb Mott as a "suicide" in January 1966, Mr. Copp refused to rest until he got to the bottom of this mystifying case. Discerning, perhaps, a familiar echo of Bang-Jensen's "suicide" a half dozen years earlier, Copp betook himself to Kirkenes, that lonely outpost of northernmost Norway which timidly touches the Russian frontier below the Barents Sea. It was from Kirkenes that Mott had set out on his last meandering walk as a free man before he bumbled across the border into nearby Boris Gleb and descended forever into the modern Hell that is the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

THE PARABLE, however, does not begin at Boris Gleb. Wisely, the author traces its origin to the victim's upbringing in New England, his schooling at Antioch College, his happy-go-lucky (but somehow sad) wanderings about the world on summer vacations. For Newcomb Mott was a painfully typical product of his time: a liberal who could not be made to believe that there is any such thing as evil, and, most particularly, evil men. His philosophy, if it can be called that, had been shaped for him by professors who neglected to tell him that Communism posed any threat to his or his country's future. His attitude, as he set out—*sans* visa—to glimpse the bleak little tourist trap at Boris Gleb, had been forged by misled and misleading mass media that had for five years proclaimed the State Department doctrine that the cold war was over. What harm could possibly befall him if he stumbled into Russia?

To be sure, the Norwegians in Kirkenes warned him repeatedly not to stray across the border. But Newcomb Mott was as oblivious to these warnings as, say, Robert Kennedy was to the warnings of policemen who urged him not to mingle with crowds, or John F. Kennedy to the admonitions of Dr. Teller and others about the thoroughly predictable consequences of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty.

Probably the most pathetic scene in this supremely pathetic tale is Mott's arrival at Boris Gleb. Having lost his way (was it accident or pure design?) in a dense forest, he emerges from the wood, flashing his passport and waving a friendly greeting to the two Soviet soldiers and the attractive Intourist girl guide standing in the deceiving shadow of the old Russian Orthodox church. A few days later he is in Murmansk Oblast prison, never again to be free.

Like so many of his countrymen, Newcomb Mott was not without courage. At his trial in Murmansk, which his mother and father attended, he "looked stunned" and "ashen-faced" when the judge pronounced him guilty of entering the USSR illegally and sentenced him to a year and a half in a Soviet labor camp. But his first concern was for his parents' welfare and he went to unusual lengths to con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceal from the KGB the fact that his brother was entering the U.S. Navy.

When Mott died, supposedly by slashing himself with a razor blade while aboard a heavily guarded train, the State Department eagerly accepted the official Soviet verdict of suicide. Copp, having examined the medical evidence and consulted with a number of doctors, makes a convincing case for murder. Moreover, it is plain that Newcomb Mott was brutally beaten and very possibly tortured before he was killed.

It was a senseless killing. Unlike Bang-Jensen, Newcomb Mott posed no threat whatever to the Soviets. He was merely a feckless young man, a light-hearted liberal who may have entertained a quixotic hope that he could build some small, personal bridges to the East. The effort cost him his life. But if enough other liberals could be persuaded to read this book—and perceive the parable—it might help illuminate the darkening road down which the nation, and the world, are plunging. □

MEN AND IDEAS

ON LIVING AT THE END OF AN ERA

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

At least until very recently all of us have tended to live in the eternal present, believing that all our tomorrows would be more or less like today. We might grow older, the prospect was that we would grow richer and we knew that we were in the process of becoming both more beautiful and more clever. The continuity of our own personality and of the world, and even our own imperfect memory of the past, led us to believe that our tomorrows would be like today and that historic change was essentially superficial. Today no one any longer believes this to be the case. We are aware that a vast and irreversible change is taking place that will redirect the whole course of history and transform the quality of all our tomorrows, even in their most humdrum and insignificant aspects.

The first and most obvious impression derived from this crisis of our society—an impression felt by Right, Left and all those in between—is one of incongruity. Perhaps incongruity is the fundamental experience of our whole culture at the present moment. We perceive ourselves to possess very nearly unlimited power, and yet to be impotent; to be living at the very peak of historical experience, and yet to be caught up in an anxiety so great that we stand in fear and trembling of those things which are to come. We know that our hour has arrived and yet we make our entry on the stage of world history in the role of a drunken clown.

SINCE THIS IS the year of the locust we should recall that only last year Herman Kahn and the Hudson Institute produced their study of the year 2000. Whatever else the burden of those portentous essays devoted to the speleology of the future was, they certainly projected a picture of American society as enormously ingenious, boldly innovative, prodigiously productive and powerful beyond the dreams of even a Faustian necromancer. The dangers which these essays anticipate are the dangers which stem from too much rather than too little power; they are the dangers which accompany omnipotence rather than impotence. The gulf which separates the world of the Kahn-Wiener report on the year 2000 and the report of the President's riot commission or any of the speeches of Senator McCarthy is unbridgeable. They are the products of two different worlds. Incongruity is, as I have pointed out, the fundamental experience of our culture at the present moment.

It has been argued increasingly that we are impotent because we have enlarged our commitments to a point which exceeds our capacities—and this particularly in the area of foreign policy obligations. Andrew Hacker recently demonstrated the fallacy of this argument ("The McCarthy Candidacy," *Commentary*, February 1968). Professor Hacker rightly points to a GNP which exceeds $700 billion, sixteen million young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty, and a military technology which can produce greater firepower than any other nation in the world. The empires of the past, Roman, English, Nazi, were built on base meager by comparison. The element lacking therefore in America at the present moment is not power but will. Our vast power has become a menace to our friends because our will, our intentions and our ends are defective, uncertain and shrouded in mystery.

This crisis of will, however, is of a very distinctive kind. It does not represent a general loss of nerve in the society or a collapse of values. Both America's nerve and its essential value structure remain intact. The American people are confused; they are not degenerate. What we are witnessing is a much more hopeful and fascinating phenomenon; it is nothing less than the collapse of the intellectual élite and the ideological structure which have dominated American life increasingly since the turn of the century. We are, in short, living in the last hours of the great liberal ascendency. Not an idea, not a value, not a single structure created by the triumph of liberalism finds uncontested acceptance or assured dominance at the present moment.

THIS PHENOMENON is not unique to our own times. It has happened before in a variety of places and under a variety of historical circumstances: the collapse of values and meaning in fifteenth-century Europe; the crisis in enlightened thought and among the intellectual élite in the second half of the eighteenth century and, finally, the late nineteenth-century *fin de siècle* mood, which anticipated in such detail the contemporary mood.

The most impressive single characteristic in all these situations is the perception of decadence. This perception of decadence is not simply pessimism writ large but ought rather to be described as cultural despair. Suddenly the sky darkens and the bright dreams and easy formulations which only a few years previous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random Notes

■ LIVES: Forthcoming autobiographies worth noting include Miss Bailey's *The Raw Pearl* (Harcourt, September, $5.75); *Voices Offstage* by Marc Connelly (Holt, November, $5.95); and one, as yet untitled, by Christiaan Barnard, due next spring from Macmillan. . . . Two big Beatlebooks coming, almost simultaneously: *The Beatles* by Hunter Davies, (author of *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*), an Authorized Version done with their cooperation (McGraw, September, $5.95) and Julius Fast's definitely unauthorized *The Beatles: The Real Story* (Putnam, October, $5.95).

Others: *Joyce Cary: A Biography* by Malcolm Foster (Houghton, September, $10); *Nikos Kazantzakis: A Biography Based on His Letters* by Helen K. (Simon & Schuster, September, $10); *Eric Hoffer: An American Odyssey* by Calvin Tomkins (Dutton, October); Peter Evans' *Peter Sellers: The Mask Behind the Mask* (Prentice-Hall, October, $5.95). . . . Ladislas Farago, who did Gen. Patton, is doing Mata Hari; among his sources is a hitherto-unknown SS dossier on the lady and her downfall (Hawthorn, Spring 1969).

■ LAUGHS: First Ogden Nash anthology in a long time is *There's Always Another Windmill* (Little, Brown, November, $4.95). . . . First Stephen Potter ditto is *Golfmanship* (McGraw, September, $3.95). . . . Two Peter DeVries novels are coming in one book: *The Cat's Pajamas* and *Witches' Milk* (Little, Brown, October, $5.95). . . . J. P. Donleavy, hung up as ever on alliterative titles, has done *The Beastly Beautitudes of Balthazar B.* (Delacorte, November, $6.95). . . . Everybody ready for *Bennett Cerf's Treasury of Atrocious Puns* (Harper, November, $3.95)?

■ LUST: Jean Genet's third novel, *Funeral Rites,* is dirty (Grove, November). . . . David Slavitt alias Henry Sutton, who wrote *The Exhibitionist*, which was dirty, has done *The Voyeur*, which will be dirty. The magazine is *Tomcat,* the publisher is Irvin Kane but the philosophy is unmistakable (Geis, January). . . . Keefe Brasselle, the failed TV personality and entrepreneur, hopes to recoup with *The Cannibals*, a Searing Exposé of the industry; dirty (Bartholomew House, September, $6.95). . . . Vance Packard's latest, *The Sexual Wilderness* (all 576 pages of it) is not dirty because it's based on questionnaires sent out to 2,100 college students (McKay, August, $6.95).

---

ossessed such power to enthrall and to ove men to action no longer grip either e will or the imagination. Mid-nineenth-century formulations of the idea of cadence ascribed it to racial or class exaustion or explained it as a phase in me grand Viconian cycle. Today we ust account for the perception of dedence as the subjective response to eological exhaustion. The world does ot grow old, men do not grow effete, asses do not lose their potencies to creivity through nullifying internal contractions. What happens is that dominant tellectual élites (establishments, we pre- r to call them these days) cease to oject the established myths, cease to lieve in themselves, and cease to com- l belief on the part of the masses.

From an objective standpoint—that is, standpoint outside the threatened sysm, or an historical position outside the ndangered era—this process of ideologil dissolution is not a sign of death but ther of vitality and renewal. It is only hen the process is perceived from the rspective of the dominant intellectual ite that it is conceived of as decadence nd a sign of social disease and decay. his is precisely the condition of the libal Left at the present moment. Both a science and as a sentiment it has lost s ability to move men to action. What any observers described as "the exhausn of political ideas" in the Fifties and xties was the exhaustion of the Left in all s protean forms.

When the world is wholly spoiled, when nocence is wholly corrupted, some great apocalyptic or catastrophic event or events is called for to restore the pristine purity of the natural order. An intellectual élite which feels its power slipping displays an intense yearning for apocalypse. They tell us, in effect, as all prophets do, that since we have not done as they have commanded we must now pay the consequences, that we will have hot summers and cold winters and that the rain will not fall and the spring not come until we are converted and return to Stalinism or the New Deal, or the prophetic leadership of the Kennedy family.

IN THE PERIOD immediately following ideological collapse there is a desperate attempt to revive the original utopian myth which in the first instance gave rise to the ideology. The attempted return to the revolutionary experience, renewal through violence, the canonization of Che Guevara and the sanctification of Malcolm X and Patrice Lumumba are efforts of revitalization of the ideology through a return to the original myth. In the same way, in those periods during which an established theology has collapsed within the Christian Church or ceased to be credible to substantial numbers of Christians there have always been efforts to recapture the experience of the Primitive Church, to find outside the institutional framework some direct personal encounter with the Jesus of the Gospels. The revival of revolutionary intensity on the Left, therefore, is not a sign of ideological health but rather a signal that the terminal illness is at hand.

In this effort at revitalization another exceedingly interesting development takes place, namely, the movement away from ideological systems based upon rationalized myths to utopian enthusiasms based upon sentiments. The belief that "that's the way the world is" is replaced by the sentiment of "How nice it would be if that's the way the world were" or "We must make the world of recalcitrant reality conform to our vision of the world." Reality, however, is a rather unbudgeable fixity and so the new sentimental revolutionary is distinguished, not by his ability to transform the world but rather by his life style and the purity of his intentions. This emphasis upon life style as a substitute for total transforming commitment is one of the clearest evidences of ideological and theological exhaustion. Genuine revolutionaries pay precious little attention to life style. They have no time for striking poses.

NIETZSCHE once observed: *"Alles was tief ist, tragt eine Maske"* (Everything that is deep wears a mask), to which he might have added with equal validity, that everything that is superficial wears a disguise. The politics of an age of ideological dissolution, as the religion of an age of theological decay, is a series of postures and poses, grand play-acting, rather than elemental ritual. Its object is to fill the void of a lost faith. It is Easter Bunny Christianity and New Left Revolution.

In this matter too there are many historical precedents. At the end of the me-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dieval period when the substance of faith and feudalism had given way, the response of the medieval aristocracy was very, shall we say, contemporary. Johan Huizinga writes of the Burgundian aristocracy of the fifteenth century: "The life of aristocracies when they are still strong, though of small utility, tends to become an all-round game. In order to forget the painful imperfection of reality, the nobles turn to the continual illusion of a high and heroic life. They were the mask of Lancelot and of Tristram. It is an amazing self-deception." At the Burgundian court there was, as today, incessant talk of great crusades, fervent vows, pledges, and grandiose plans, and no one, especially their authors, really believed in them. They were a part of a life style, a sentimental mood, rather than a commitment to action.

One might multiply the symptoms and the historic parallels, but I believe that I have, if not demonstrated my thesis, at least suggested that the intellectual, social and political disorder which characterizes contemporary life is not the product of a diseased society but the evidence of an intellectual establishment living out the last days of its dominance.

It is well to recognize that we conservatives did not produce this crisis in the establishment. The internal dialectic and external circumstances which are bringing about the dissolution of the old order were forces not of our making. We are the heirs of this revolution, not its fomentors. Still our role is an important and a positive one. In the first place, let us not take our role as conservatives too seriously. Already we are being invited from all sides by the liberals to help prop up the establishment. We have suddenly been discovered by the liberals and it turns out that after all we are not fascist hyenas but good citizens and we may have a positive role to play in American society if only we remain true to our natures and join the liberals in this great act of conservation. No, and again, no. We must not succumb to the temptation of propping up a system going inevitably to its destruction simply because we find the symptoms of ideological exhaustion as they manifest themselves in our society so disturbing and so unpleasant.

Moreover, we must be certain that we are able to offer genuine alternatives. It may well be that we need do little now to assure the collapse of the old intellectual élite. We must seriously ask ourselves what comes afterward. If that world is shaped by us and reflects our faith it will be, not simply because we regard ourselves as the custodians of the past, but because we are revolutionary enough to perceive a better future and energetic enough to transform the present in its image. □

RECORDINGS

Electronics and Percussion: Five Realizations by Max Neuhaus
Columbia MS 7139

DANCING MIKES AND CLOCKWISE DRUMMERS

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

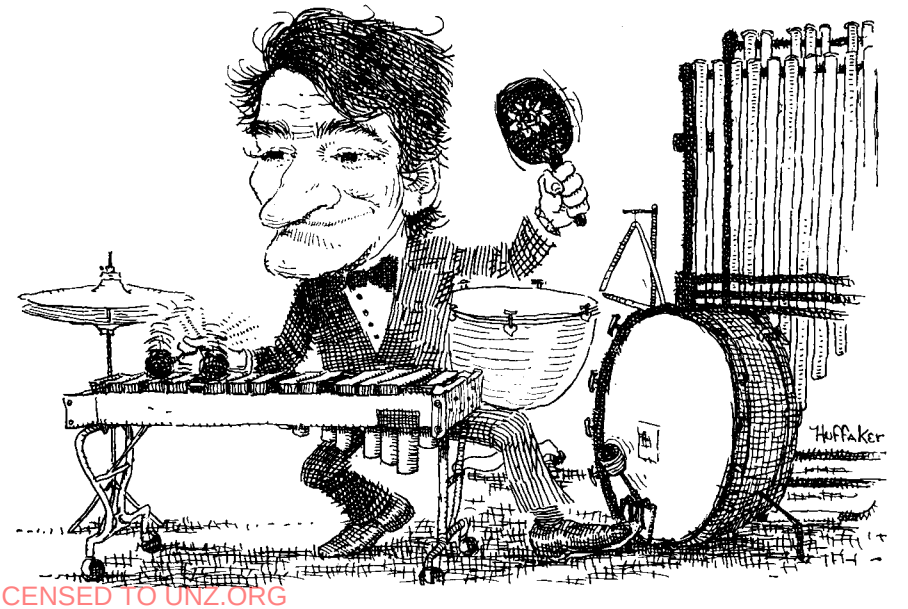
Even in a musical system so thoroughly worked out as the Western system, notation remains notoriously inexact. Why should it not be so? When there is no such thing as a perfectly phonetic language, who expects phonetic music? But whereas language tends to develop towards regularity, current musical practice is atavistic: it yearns back to the stochastic savagery of the prehistoric grunt and whirl.

That is why the percussionist Max Neuhaus cannot perform, but can only strive to "realize," a score such as Earle Brown's *Four Systems—For Four Amplified Cymbals.* Brown's score consists entirely of horizontal lines of various thicknesses and lengths. Although Mr. Neuhaus has his Master's degree from the Manhattan School of Music, he is unable to "realize" more than the good old reassuring sounds of a sheet metal works. I was reminded of an afternoon spent on the assembly floor at Rohr Aircraft Corporation, in San Diego.

Morton Feldman's *The King of Denmark* consists of a rather large vocabulary of clicks, arpeggios, glisses, and here and there a musical interval from the Phrygian scale. Sylvano Bussotti's *Coeur Pour Batteur—Positively Yes* offers a wider variety. Whereas the Feldman would be excellent music for a movie on the Mysterious East (indeed I think I heard it in an old Bogart reel), the Bussotti sticks with more basic things. There are highly amplified body noises, the usual glisses, grunts, here and there a whiff of grape minor purple bell tones, the sound of uneven footfalls in dry underbrush. After a scrape with the xylophone Mr. Neuhaus apparently falls on the floor with tremendous effect—one does hope he suffered no permanent impairment of his gifts—and immediately thereafter we hear door chimes (has the doctor been summoned?) followed by the roar of a Pratt & Whitney J-57 engine, some mike interference (the FAA requests pilots not to transmit on the frequency already in use), a steamship whistle in the fog, and a doorman whistling for a taxi.

Karlheinz Stockhausen's *No. 9 Zyklus For One Percussionist* has lots of glisses, a howl or two, a couple of phone calls, strumming, pop, bang, steel drums, the slamming of a door, a wineglass being shattered, tick *and* tock, scattered rain drops on a tin roof, someone playing drums (no doubt Mr. Neuhaus himself) hickory dickory dock. This is the sound track Walt Disney used, I think, to accompany the great shots of bubbling geysers in Yellowstone Park. Disney was no square, I can tell you.

John Cage's *Fontana Mix-Feed* is the interaction of feedback channels set up by resting contact mikes on various percussion instruments set in front of speakers. Whereas Stockhausen caused Mr. Neuhaus to move around (clockwise), the vibrations here cause the mikes to move around—to dance, as in musical performances. As a result, every fifteen or thirty seconds a new noise is produced. It starts like outboard motorboats, which were no



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ven invented until the twentieth century, nd moves on to tugboat engines—those ew 3,500-horsepower diesels Mr. McAllis-r is so proud of; then on to the noon histle at a *fin-de-siècle* shoe factory (Sam ompers would eat it up), then to the old ound I remember so well from Korea—C-47 passing overhead at about 3,000 et, then to a lousy telephone connection, nd finally, as a flourish of pan-German-m, a jammed Volkswagen horn.

ALL OF THESE marvelous imitations were roduced in the studio through the use of tandard percussion instruments and stand-rd electrical gadgets. I am not interested n the question whether musicians such as Mr. Neuhaus actually intend to imitate ne sounds of modern industrial activity. The fact is that sound after sound is in-istinguishable from the sounds I have sted here, sounds most common, not in hemselves uninteresting, and sometimes tterly pleasing (I don't know anyone who doesn't like to hear raindrops ping-inging on a good resonator).

Is it art? Yes it is art. Imitating the world for the fun of it is art. Is it sooper-nodern hyperadvanced avantgarde art? No. Does that make it Bad? No. Those who like their art simple, uncluttered, pure," absolutely imitative, Xeroxed, will ke this kind of music. Those who have volved beyond miaow-miaow games and tick-figure drawing will probably have volved in the enjoyment of sound, and will not enjoy this kind of music. Ra-neau and Couperin imitated the cuckoo's all, Scarlatti the drums and horns of a arade, Beethoven and Respighi the night-ngale. Imitation is the basic matter of rt. It can be primitive, or it can be not rimitive. All that's worth saying about ne performances under review is that they avel under false colors when they're held p as something new. They are exceed-ngly old in form and substance, and as harming and as helpful as flower chil-ren. □

OUR YOUNG WRITERS

"Don't trust anyone over thirty and don't trust anyone who isn't high."
—Anonymous

De Quincey was a junkie from way back,
While Coleridge was partial to the poppy.
To Burroughs, being out on bivouac
Meant lots of laudanum. Poe just got sloppy.
It's obviously possible to find
Important literati who got "high."
Marcus Aurelius will come to mind . . .
(Count Casanova stuck to Spanish Fly.)
My hang-up is, we've done all this *before.*
Let's face it: freaking-out is hardly *new.*
De Quincey "eating" opium's a bore
And (personally) Ginsberg's boring, too.
Call me old-fashioned. I prefer to glow
From Chivas Regal, or, perhaps, Old Crow.

W. H. VON DREELE

BOOKS IN BRIEF

YOUNG RADICALS, *by Kenneth Keniston (Harcourt, $5.95).* Last summer Mr. Keniston, a professor of psychology at Yale, shrank the radical heads of eleven young leaders of Vietnam Summer, an antiwar coalition with Old Left ties. "As is clear throughout these observations, I myself became involved with those I was studying, found them an unusually likable group of young men and women, and was in sympathy with their over-all goals"—thus the author's point of view. Keniston's young radicals thumb their noses at ideology. Although each works twelve hard hours a day to change the direction of world affairs, none has yet charted a new course. In fact, what drew all to the New Left was not doctrine, but the promise of the intense psychosexual personal relationships that radical politics has always offered. Keniston's study is earnest, and I got the impression that it's the New Left's changeableness rather than the author's sympathetic bias that accounts for the more idealized patches here. Keniston could hardly have guessed that his "engaging, interesting and likable" young friends —or at least their spiritual comrades—would be hurling bricks and epithets at Columbia cops eight months later. The Movement is moving too fast for this analyst to track it, though his more general comments on post-adolescence and growing up technological have the ring of truth.

P. ARDERY

THE OMINOUS EAR, *by Bernard B. Spindel (Award House, $5.95).* Here's one more salvo in the fight against eavesdropping, and it's fired off by one of the country's leading eavesdroppers, who, not incidentally, manufactures and sells some pretty fancy tapping and counter-tapping equipment. The gadgetry of surveillance is paraded around, and lots of and-then-I-said and-then-I-did with big shots, Trujillo, Hoffa, Bobby Kennedy. Spindel likes Hoffa, thinks he was martyred, tried to defend him. Come to think of it, another partisan of privacy is Senator Ed Long, whose law firm was alleged to have been paid chunks of money for services allegedly rendered a friend of Hoffa's. . . . Oh, and the politics are spicy. According to Spindel, Bobby Kennedy told him in 1959 that he'd give him anything if he'd testify against Hoffa: "If you testify to what I want you to . . . my brother will be the next President of the United States and you can have any job you like." Spindel wants to outlaw all forms of eavesdropping save in the national defense in time of war or emergency, and in one's own interest (as when one records one's conversations on the telephone). He makes the interesting point that wiretapping hasn't contributed to crime prevention. No serious malefactor uses the telephone anyway.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE MODERN AMERICAN THEATER: *A Collection of Critical Essays,* edited by Alvin B. Kernan (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). Where is the American theater going in our time? And where, indeed, has it already been? Generally, these are the substantial considerations of this interesting collection of essays, a new volume in the continuing critical series, Twentieth Century Views. For the reader with avid theatrical interests, the collection offers several detailed pieces on contemporary playwrights and their work, among them Sir Tyrone Guthrie's piece on the world of Thornton Wilder and Kenneth Tynan's illuminating discussion of Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. Tynan summarizes succinctly at one point the thematic direction of all contemporary American drama—not just Williams and Miller—when he writes: "Where ancient drama teaches us to reach nobility by contemplation of what is noble, modern American drama conjures us to contemplate what might have been noble, but is now humiliated, ignoble in the sight of all but the compassionate." Further, there are essays with the near-cliché laments about roadway commercialism and how-bad-it-is-everyone-doesn't-like-Brecht. Finally, for Albee enthusiasts, Lee Baxandall writes analytically about "The Theater of Edward Albee." For Albee-phobes, Tom Driver offers some amusing—but not always accurate—views on the "author of six bad plays." And Edward Albee? In the book's concluding essay, "Which Theater is the Absurd One?" he writes about himself, naturally.

J. REAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

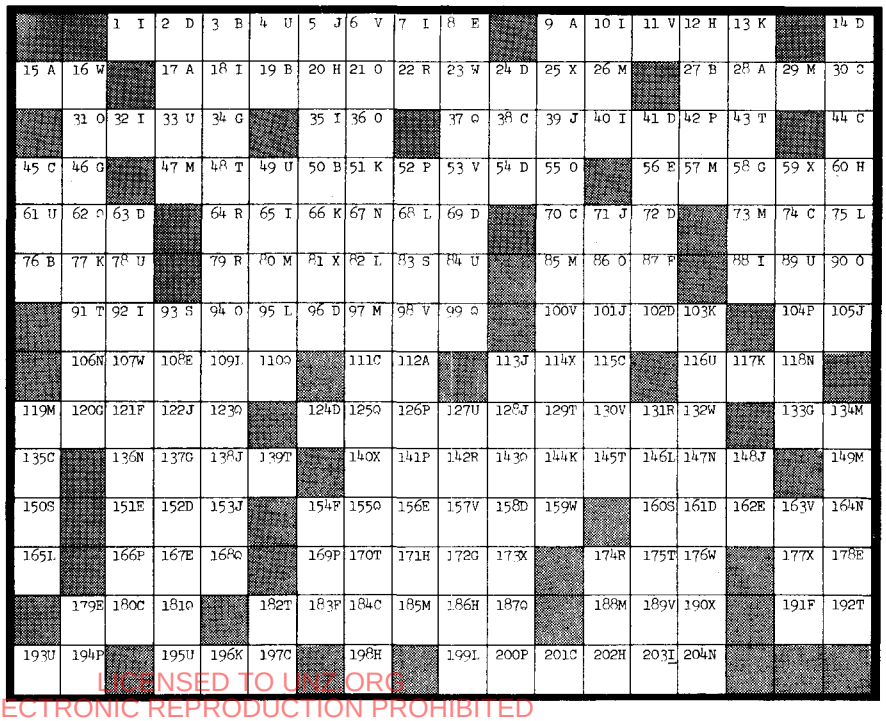
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A Biblical queen	9 15 112 17 28
B. Lincoln's birthplace	27 50 19 76 3
C. Unscramble U ABHOR THE RIOT	44 38 111 115 135 70 180 184 197 201
	30 45 74
D. A missive under the seal of the sovereign	54 2 14 24 41 63 69 72 96 102
	124 152 158 161
E. One of inflation's victims	56 8 167 108 156 151 162 178 179
F. Any groove or furrow, as on a pie crust	121 183 154 191 87
G. A political sickness	172 120 133 58 137 46 34
H. One of the United States of Mexico	20 171 12 186 60 198 202
I. A type of hit in baseball	35 88 65 1 18 40 203 32 92
J. Adipocerite	71 5 39 138 101 105 113 122 128 148
	153
K. An atoll where bomb tests were conducted, 1947-52	77 51 144 66 117 103 196 13
L. Insincere profession of devotion	109 7 10 165 146 68 75 95 199 82

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. A bird watcher	134 26 29 47 57 80 85 119 149 185
	188 73 97
N. A movement, trend, or vogue, as in politics, that breaks with tradition	147 164 106 118 67 136 204
O. An unexpected thing or event that even an atheist would welcome	90 36 21 31 55 86 94
P. A city in Northeast New Jersey	200 166 169 52 104 42 141 126 194
Q. What many people eat, some because they're poor, some because they're on a diet	37 62 99 123 125 155 168 181 187 110
	143
R. An unsteady movement or gait	64 22 79 131 142 174
S. Involving little or no risk of mishap, error, etc.	160 83 150 93
T. Topsy-turvy	175 91 182 192 129 139 145 170 43 48
U. One of the oldest comic strips	193 61 78 84 89 116 127 4 33 49
	195
V. An Italian Socialist who was murdered in 1924	6 130 100 157 98 11 163 189 53
W. To convert a message into cipher	16 176 23 107 159 132
X. The bride of King Psammetichus (myth)	81 114 25 173 177 140 59 190

See page 763 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



LICENSED TO UNT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD'S FAIR WITH A LATIN BEAT

JAMES BURNHAM

Fairs, we all learned in school, originated as markets. There being no permanent shops at fixed locations, producers and consumers gathered intermittently near temples, churches or castles to barter, buy and sell. Fairs of exactly this sort are still to be found by the thousands in the more primitive areas, or on a grander scale by the scores each year in the great cities of the advanced nations. In Milan, Chicago, Frankfurt, Barcelona, New York, Tokyo and São Paulo, producers and consumers gather to examine, buy and sell the latest in textiles, books, cars, computers, machine tools and mousetraps.

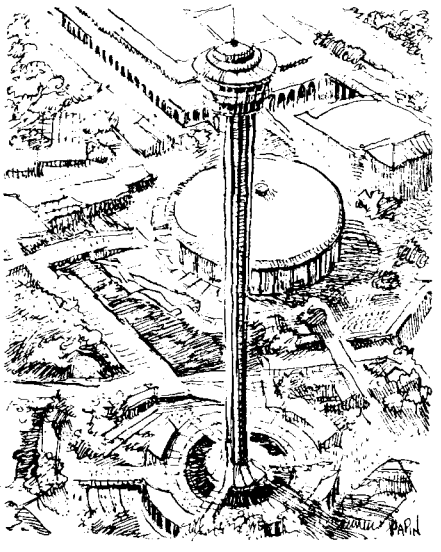
Even in the earliest phase, human beings being what they are, a lot more went on at fairs than the buying and selling that brought them into existence. People young and old, both male and female, having come together, they spent the time not strictly required for business on amiable pursuits natural to such concourse. Sales were spiced with sporting contests, gambling, singing, dancing and religious ceremonies. Musicians, con men, evangelists, whores and mountebanks became part of the fairs' normal staff. The fair-as-business had as offshoot the fair-as-carnival. By one of those common displacements (as Freudians call them), the order was often enough reversed, later on.

The Victorian era, bursting with industrial and imperial energy, expanded the ancient fair into the "international exposition," parent of what we have come to call the "World's Fair." Victorian morality would not recognize money and pleasure as sufficient motive for such an undertaking, and therefore thought of the great expositions—the first in 1851 at London's Crystal Palace, thereafter in New York, Paris, Vienna, Philadelphia, Paris again and Chicago by the century's end—as serving to instruct, enlighten and astonish the public and to promote the arts and sciences.

In our day World's Fairs have become, like beauty contests, music, film and art festivals, Olympic Games and Stately Homes, adjuncts of what is now the world's biggest business, the tourist industry. A world's fair is in fact the juiciest plum in the tourist cake, so that the competition for landing one is ferocious, but, like most everything else nowadays, regulated by a proper bureau, the Paris-based Bureau of International Expositions, without whose sanction you are not allowed to call *your* fair a World's Fair. There are two grades: the senior, or super-duper, spaced some years apart, like the New York (1939 and 1964), Brussels (1958), Montreal (1967) and the scheduled 1970 fair at Osaka; and a junior grade, like Seattle's in 1962.

This year's fair—junior grade—is San Antonio's Hemisfair (the pun having been struck by a local neologist). It is not at all what you would expect from Texas, but San Antonio is not what we have been taught to think of as a typical Texas-sort of city. Hemisfair covers a very modest spread as fair-spreads go: 92 acres in the middle of town, which means it is easy to get to and get around in. Its scale and atmosphere are human and pleasant. I select the adjectives carefully. Most world's fairs, by extent, architecture, novelties or sheer accumulation, try to astound, overawe and overwhelm the visitor, and are therefore apt to be rather exhausting to the spirit as well as the feet. But though there is plenty to see and do in Hemisfair, it is finite enough to cope with comfortably.

San Antonio had the cleverness to fuse



its fair with urban renewal—otherwise it would have been fiscally impossible—much as it used the WPA program of the Thirties to transform the banks of its river into the delightful promenade of the Paseo del Rio, winding fifteen feet below the level of the city streets. (A channel has been extended to the new municipal center that functions this summer as part of Hemisfair, so that you may take a water-taxi direct from your hotel or riverside restaurant to a fair gate.)

Every proper world's fair must have its "theme." Hemisfair has chosen rather a mouthful—"The Confluence of Civilizations in the Americas"—but does not let it become too much of a burden. It is illustrated by a kind of pop-style history sequence in the U. S. pavilion and more surprisingly by 24 exhibits in the large Texas building. The major confluence expressed in Hemisfair—naturally enough in an ex-Spanish, ex-Mexican city—is that which brings together the Latin and the North American streams. At Hemisfair you are always aware of Latin America, both Spanish and Indian, not only from pavilions of a number of Latin American countries, strolling Latin American singers and dancers, the spectacular flying Indians and much of the color and décor, but from the faces around you in both the city and the fair—for more than half San Antonio's population is of Latin American origin.

You will find at Hemisfair—but everyone knows by now what you find at a world's fair—Mexico and Ireland and Canada, IBM, GE, FORD and GM, lagoons, rides, fireworks and Ferris wheels, concerts and shops and hamburger stands. Hemisfair has also those Czech ur-movies that made such a hit at Expo 67, exciting water-skiing shows, the remarkable Alexander Girard Latin American folk art collection of thousands of dolls, puppets and props, and a technically brilliant example of the now-standard great column with revolving restaurant on top. There are scores of places for open-air eating, drinking and looking. Nineteen of the best old houses, mostly early Victorian, were saved from the bulldozers and integrated into the fair. Many are being used as restaurants—including a handsome white house that is home to a first-rate French restaurant with staff transported direct from Paris and a big Paris-style café, serving delicious Paris sorts of snacks, beer and wine on the big terrace.

But Hemisfair's high point is the extraordinary group of paintings sent by Spain to this ancient Spanish city for which the fair is the 250th birthday celebration: thirteen—and only thirteen—paintings by El Greco, Velasquez, Murillo and Goya, each an absolute masterpiece, comprising a stunning, incomparable exhibition. Incomparable literally: they were assembled from different collections, two inaccessible to the public; and Spain has decided that, because of the risk of damage, this is the last time any of her great paintings will leave their native country.

San Antonio, incidentally, is well worth a visit on its own account. I have already mentioned the Paseo del Rio. The Spanish Governor's palace is whole, and several of the old Mission churches still stand, with enough of the San José Mission, compound and buildings to give a real sense of the way of life the Franciscans brought to those prairies. And then there is Texas' founding mission that came to be called the Alamo. You remember that business at the Alamo?—a kind of 1836 *Pueblo* incident, you might say. . . . □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classified advertisements

EMPLOYMENT OFFERS

BOOMING AUSTRALIA pays travel allowance to get YOU! Good jobs, adventure. Latest factual handbook describes allowances, entry requirements, advantages, opportunities $1. Buckeye, Box 1032SQ, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

AUTHOR-ILLUSTRATOR seeks peculiarly qualified young journalist for particularly fascinating position. Must be conservative, have Vietnam and midwest reporting experience and write flawless Latvian prose. Benefits comparable. TAP, Box 23, Wayne, N.J.

RESPONSIBLE YOUNG LADY required to assist in Mr. Buckley's office; with typing and filing, etc. Write to NR Box FB.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants You! Send $1 for latest information on Australian assisted passage, entry requirements, opportunities. Worldwide, Box 366NH, Medway, Ohio 45341

GIRL FRIDAY: for young, creative Washington, D. C. Direct Mail/Advertising firm specializing in publishing and fundraising work for conservative clients. Immediate opening for mature self-starter willing to take on responsibility. Good typing, extensive telephone contact and production experience essential. Copy ability helpful. Send resume or letter stating qualifications and salary requirements. Write to NR Box 1.

TEACHER WANTED. The Fifteenth St. school, small, private elementary school, based on principle of responsible freedom without license, needs experienced first grade teacher for 1968-9. Outstanding opportunity to put into practice simple, common sense program, free from phoniness and red tape. Write 206 West 15th St, NYC, 10011 or telephone (212) WA9-3305.

EMPLOYMENT WANTED

TEACHING POSITION WANTED. MFA Conservative, five years teaching experience, free-lance design for ceramic industries, layout, screenprinting experience, desires return to University teaching. Looking for school desiring teachers in art favoring down-to-earth aesthetics, free enterprise and practical application. Write NR Box TP.

REPORTER/WRITER for well-established national business publication which covers marketing phases of petroleum industry. Write to NR Box 2.

BRIGHT ENERGETIC COPYWRITER/EDITOR weary of writing sales promotion copy for large leftish corporation. Desirous of working with conservatives, preferably to "sell" freedom-oriented causes, candidates. Write to NR Box 3.

LITERARY

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located. Write for our list on international affairs, sociology, literature, etc. Regent House, 2920 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90057.

OWN A SUPERBLY DETAILED AMERICAN eagle wall plaque 33" wide. Hand painted gold with red, white and blue shield. Beautiful addition to any room. Only $4.98. Researchers, Box 207, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204.

HONORARY DOCTORATES. Award yourself a magnificent phony. Huge ornate diploma; your name imprinted; handsome frame; only $10 postpaid. Millard Fillmore Institute, 5996 La Jolla Corona, La Jolla, Calif. 93037.

INVESTMENTS

INVESTING? For professional, courteous service and convenient midtown brokerage facilities, write or phone Leon Weil, Steiner Rouse & Co., 122 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0300. Member of the N.Y. Stock Exchange.

INVESTING? Investment suggestions and quality portfolio reviews (under the supervision of a registered supervisory analyst): Write or call Alan Coggan, Rauscher Pierce Securities Corp.,1200 Mercantile Dallas Building, Dallas, Tex. 75201; Telephone: Riverside 8-0111, Area Code 214. Member of leading Stock Exchanges.

DEVALUATION-PROOF INVESTMENTS. Impossible? The records prove otherwise. Detailed report outlines program on how to survive devaluation, inflation, depression. $1 pp. Dover, Inc., Box 24011B, Edina, Minn. 55424.

REAL ESTATE

RUSTIC LOG CABIN for sale with nine acres and beautiful brook. A wonderful place for weekending all year—near swimming and skiing. Fieldstone fireplaces in living and play rooms. Two bedrooms plus balcony room, excellent kitchen and bath. Electric heat, artesian well. All this in a fine neighborhood for $28,500. Write or call Marcia L. Burnham, Kent, Conn. 203-927-3117.

SECLUDED VACATION HOME, lodge style, Northern New Jersey only one hour from New York. Five wooded acres with brook. Swimming, fishing, hunting. Skiing nearby. Write NR Box VH.

SWEEPING VIEWS of Long Island Sound from every room in this beautiful 4 bedroom (5th poss.) home. Screened porch with adjoining deck make summer entertaining a delight. $79,500. Also summer rentals. Call or write Ruth Nash, 3 North Pasture, Westport, Conn. 203-226-0183.

FOR RENT — FURNISHED — Connecticut. Small house, near Darien, water, station. One or two persons Sept. or Oct. through June. $230. Write to NR Box 15.

TRAVEL

NEW ENGLAND BARE BOAT
40' Yawl
SUZY WONG
Beautiful all-teak yawl ready for cruise or race. All racing gear, RDF, Omni, diesel powered. Sleeps six. Bareboat charter to experienced sailor, or with skipper. For complete information, write:
Caribbean Enterprises, Inc.
150 East 35th Street
New York, N. Y. 10016
(212) 679-7330

FOR CHARTER beautiful 112' disel sea going Yacht. 3 double, 2 single staterooms, completely air cond. Best of equipment including electric organ. Large deck salon and covered afterdeck. Will go anyplace. $10,000 per month, $3,000 per week. With excellent experienced 4 man crew. Call or write: Jess C. Overpeck, Merrill-Stevens DD Co. P.O. box 1980, Miami, Fla. 33101 (A/C 305) 379-1711.

MISCELLANEOUS

STOP SMOKING! Money returned if you fail! Oral hygiene method. $1. McNally, Box 408-N, Van Uuys, Calif. 91408.

CLASSIC 1955 THUNDERBIRD! Hardtop—292 c.i., automatic. 90% Concours restored. J. Grygiel, 31 Major St., Clifton, N.J. 07013.

RAZOR BLADES. Lifetime supply! Stainless steel, double edge. $48 per 1000. Sample 10¢. McNally, Box 408-N, Van Nuys, Calif. 91408.

SALES

GERMAN AND FRENCH translations. Technical and nontechnical. Reasonable rates. Write H. T. Hunt Jr., 717 Lakewood Drive, La Grange, Ga. 30240.

SLEEP-LEARNING . . . Hypnotism. Strange catalog FREE. Auto suggestion, Box 24-NL, Olympia, Wash.

PATIO DOOR LOCK for homes with sliding aluminum patio doors. Easily installed, it locks door in any position—closed, or ajar for ventilation. Cannot be reached by children, but can be easily removed by adult from inside. Needs no key. Heavy gauge anodized aluminum construction and padded to prevent marring of door frame. Satisfaction is guaranteed. $4.50 ppd. R. Downs Company, 645 Second Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016.

NOW AVAILABLE. 53 copies of "The American Dissent" by Jeffrey Hart. A decade of modern conservatism with particular emphasis on NATIONAL REVIEW. Just send $4.95 to Box JG, National Review, 150 East 35 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016 and we will send you post-paid a hard-cover copy of this classic.

National Review Accepts . . .

classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature. National Review does not accept political advertisements of any kind, or advertisements which are solicitations for funds. National Review reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words, plus $1.20 for box number. Text accompanied by full payment must be received 25 days before publication date. Responses to box numbers will be forwarded. Address: Classified Department, National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REAL CAMPING FOR GIRLS. PO-NE-MAH, Kent, Conn. 54th season. Interview and/or catalog on request. Mrs. Gilman Williams, Kent, Conn. 06757.

EMPTY RECORD COVERS: Replace torn, damaged record covers with clean, glossy, pure white covers. Plastic lined inside sleeves and 78 covers available. Free catalog, samples 50¢. Cabco, Room 723, 89 E. Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

CAMPERS! HIKERS! SPORTSMEN! Here's a new campstove you can cook a meal on yet carry around in a knapsack pocket. Sturdy one-burner propane stove folds flat, weighs only 2½ pounds including disposable cylinder of gas. Windproof burner adjusts for controlled heat. Factory guarantee. Just $13.95 covers everything (postage, taxes, etc.) Rush order now while stock lasts! Hurry, send your check or money-order (no COD) to Kay-Ce Enterprises, PO Box 84, Murrayhill Station, New York, N.Y. 10016

PRECISION MADE ELECTRIC SHAVER. Shaves heaviest beard. Steel head. Complete with cord, brush, headguard. Imported from Switzerland. Guaranteed. $6.50 ppd. House of Gifts, 4646 N. 5th, Milwaukee, Wis. 53218.

AUTOMOBILE BUMPER STICKERS. Low-cost advertising for organizations, businesses, special events, political campaigns, slogans, community projects, tourist and entertainment attractions. Write for free brochure, price list and samples. Please state intended use. Reflective Advertising, Dept. B, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Mo. 63132.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL! Make your own light machines, strobes, color organs, etc. $2 from Lightrays, 713D Pine, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.

FAMILY STATUS SYMBOL: free literature. HERALDIST, 2073 Eastern, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

LEARN YOUR RIGHTS to U.S. Gov't oil leases. For $25 we will enter you in the next Dep't of Interior drawing that could net you a Gov't oil/gas lease good for immediate profitable resale to an oil company. Adult citizens only. For details, send 25¢ in coin to Public Lands Leasing Inc., Dept. CB-5, Petroleum Bldg., Roswell, N.M. 88201.

BLAZER BUTTONS in motif or traditional Professions: Medicine, law, dentistry, pharmacy, accounting, architecture, bulls, bears. In elegant, florentined gold plate, 14K. $12.50 set of seven buttons. Prepaid. Also cuff links $7.50 set, tie bar or tack $5.50 each. DESERTCRAFT, 5019 Genesta, Encino, Calif. 91316.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE: (Computerized Matching). All ages. "Let TEAM Make You a Team." Write TEAM Project, P. O. Box 359 Church Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10008.

TLW CORPORATION P.O. Box 29763, Atlanta 30329 404/633-2579 We buy, sell, lease IBM unit record & Computers. Our equipment is completely reconditioned and under M/A.

EAR WAX? Itch? Noises? Pain? Running ears? Hearing muffled? New lotion; safe; really works. $2 ppd. Sound-C, 251 Baldwin Ave., San Mateo, Calif. 94401.

ASSASSINATIONS

(cont. from p. 749)

One motive of the media, besides the legal one, was doubtless based on their news value criteria. The diary's clear-cut, simple and decisive Arab motive for the crime was incompatible with the sense of mystery, the suspicion of plots, or the morbid exploitation of American guilt feelings, all of which kept American and foreign television viewers glued to their sets. Another and perhaps stronger motive was typified by the sophisticated sneers of nearly all intellectuals toward anyone who, like Mayor Yorty, suggests that there might still be some danger from a Communist conspiracy.

The attitude was dramatically illustrated by the brutal snub of Mayor Yorty by Frank Mankiewicz, Senator Kennedy's press secretary, who became the spokesman for the family when the Senator was shot. Yorty, a Democrat, had antagonized the Kennedy family by endorsing Richard Nixon over John F. Kennedy in 1960. But as the mayor of Los Angeles, he was surely entitled to pay his respects to Mrs. Ethel Kennedy and the late Senator. Mankiewicz told him not to come to the airport because his presence would be unwelcome to Mrs. Kennedy.

This is unpleasantly reminiscent of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's remark, reported in William Manchester's book, *Death of a President*, that there would have been *some* consolation if John F. Kennedy had been killed for his stand on civil rights, instead of by a "silly little Communist." Obviously the revealing word here is "little." Evidently Jacqueline Kennedy did not dignify Communism either as a present danger or as a still formidable cause. So now two members of the Kennedy family have been murdered by people known to be pro-Communist. How many more people would have to be murdered before the invincible taboo of an over-sophisticated society is banished?

Finally, it is impossible to leave the subject of the assassination without some comment on the exhaustive news coverage of the mourning period. The effect of all the TV and radio time allotted to this occasion was, on the one hand, to increase any morbid or hysterical reaction among those who, like the Negro community, felt the tragedy most deeply, strengthening their feelings of irreplaceable loss and suspicions of a possible plot. On the other hand, the average television viewer, or sports fan, who saw himself deprived of his favorite programs for days ahead, quite possibly experienced a guilty sense of boredom, as if he were being subjected to a series of old-fashioned New England Sundays, a reaction which was as unfair to the two brave men who deserved to be mourned as it was to his own real feelings about them. It would be unjust to attribute this over-coverage by the networks to commercial motives since they lost a great deal of advertising revenue as a result. Nevertheless, it was an expression of their professional habit of oversell and their professional motive of building up the relative amount of time and importance assigned to television and radio news programs at the expense of the formerly scheduled programs. Thus news, even sad news, is becoming an ever more important part of the entertainment industry.

The excuse for each network's endless repetition is that many viewers tune in only briefly, therefore important and educational events can only be completely covered by such repetition. However, this need could be met by agreement among the networks to have certain events *exhaustively* covered only by one network at a time. In a period of several days of mourning, the three networks could each concentrate on exhaustive coverage of the mourning on successive days. Or better still, since each network has its different commentators, slants and interesting interviews on the tragedy, the three major networks could alternate for different periods of the same day. □

HOW WELL WE SERVE YOU depends largely on whether you include your address label when you write us about your subscription. Please attach it to **all** correspondence. When moving, please give us 5 weeks notice, and paste your **old** address label here. Print **new** address below, including your ZIP code. (The ZIP code has become all-important, as all names must be filed—and mailed—by that number.)

READERS' SERVICE

You may use this form to subscribe, renew, change your address—or for any other correspondence you may have with us. If you attach your mailing label at right, you will have helped us be both speedy and accurate.

REMEMBER

that Magazine and BULLETIN are on separate lists! If you are a subscriber to both, you must tell us to change both lists when you move, etc. Thank you.

Address all inquiries or subscriptions to: National Review, Readers' Service, 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____
(New address—if moving)

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ **PLEASE CHANGE MY BULLETIN ADDRESS ALSO**
☐ I wish to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW for one year at the regular $10.00 rate. Please enter my ☐ new ☐ renewal subscription: ☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later.

PANELISTS AT HOME WANTED BY NEW YORK RESEARCHER

Leading research firm seeking people to furnish honest opinions by mail from home. Pays cash for all opinions rendered. Clients' products supplied at no cost. For information write: **Research 669, Mineola, N. Y. 11501, Dept. 623.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On Making Friends with the Soviet Union

On The Right

New York, July 20—Mr. Hubert Humphrey announces that we should make love, not anti-Communism, and calls for a new era of international relations, which presumably would reach a climax of joy under a Humphrey Administration. The *New York Times*, meditating on Mr. Humphrey's credentials to inaugurate such an era, points out that in the past, Mr. Humphrey has been guilty of anti-Communism. The point is that we should be charitable about people's pasts, and prepared to believe that Mr. Humphrey can outgrow his. Indeed it was Mr. Humphrey who in 1954 sponsored a bill which became the law of the land. It called for outlawing the Communist Party. Said Act never amounted to very much for a number of reasons, one of them unenforceability, another the Party's decade-long disappearance from formal politicalizing on election days. Still, it was a symbol, and there are those who have never forgiven Mr. Humphrey for it. But he is not going to be caught guilty of the sin of post-mature anti-Communism.

We have now a fresh symbol for Soviet-American relations: a non-stop flight, inaugurated Tuesday, New York-to-Moscow aboard Aeroflot Soviet Airlines. The institution of the service is announced in full-page ads around the country. I called the lady at the number listed, for fun, to inquire whether the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics' airline had a first class section. She did not get the joke, but answered matter-of-factly in a thick accent that yes, of course, first class seats are availab'e. But, then, in a Greta Garbo no-nonsense Ninotchka voice, she announced that any reservations would have to be confirmed so many howers ahett uff time. Presumably, there is no problem about confirmations from Moscow to New York, where the people's state is in charge of discipline. No-Shows Will Be Executed—see Ma? no hands.

The Soviet Union is of course different from the way it used to be under Stalin, and even under Khrushchev, back when Senator Humphrey called for illegalizing the Communist Party's American branch. Unfortunately, in many respects it isn't different. For instance, they are still the most unmitigated liars in the history of the world, and care nothing at all about it: on the contrary it is a way of life. On the advertisement, for instance, it says, under "Aeroflot Soviet Airlines":—"World's Biggest and Busiest Airline. 55 Million Passengers in 1967." I thought maybe I had missed a major development, and maybe they are flying all their political prisoners to and from Siberia. I called a friend who keeps statistics. He cackled with mirth. "They might as well have said 55 billion passengers. while they're at it: and I'm surprised they didn't." In America we make a big point of commercial hyperbole. But we make distinctions. The Royal Typewriter Company, for instance, while perfectly capable of saying: "The world's finest typewriter," would not say: "In 1967 we sold 146 million typewriters."

MR. HUBERT HUMPHREY, who is in favor of continued sanctions against Rhodesia, is against any sanctions at all against a country which tolerates no labor unions, no political liberty, no freedom of speech, no freedom of assembly, no freedom of religion, no freedom of emigration, no freedom of economic movement; and besides that, makes hydrogen bombs and intercontinental missiles the purpose of which is to intimidate people and, if necessary, to liquidate people on a scale even more efficient than that developed by the old master Joseph Stalin, whose memory is so widely revered. On the other hand, it isn't the same country. One reads in the morning papers that the Che Guevara guerrilla operation in Bolivia was messed up by the ineptitude of a Russian girl spy. It appears that the lady broke fundamental rules of espionage behavior, leaving clues strewn about like a lady's hosiery for the bourgeois-imperialist police to pick up, leading to the capture of Guevara. Alger Hiss would never have done that.

Well, Mr. Humphrey has proved that he can change with the times. If only we could contrive to elect him President of the Soviet Union, he might be in a position to prove that the times will change to harmonize with the requirements of the politics of joy. □

HOW GO THE POLLS? *New York*, July 16—The professionals and a lot of other people have been anxiously awaiting the next big poll, and here it is, certified by Dr. Gallup and worth a few moments' meditation. The idea was that the polls would show Mr. Rockefeller rising relative to Mr. Nixon, and that rise would move the Republican Convention to reconsider its apparent determination to nominate Richard Nixon. The script called for a considerable investment of money in newspaper advertisements, radio, and TV spots calculated to flush out latently pro-Rockefeller sentiment, or latently anti-Nixon sentiment, whichever was least constipated: comes now Dr. Gallup to announce how has the campaign fared.

Alas for the producers, very poorly, very poorly indeed. In fact, disastrously. Whereas two weeks ago—a couple of million dollars ago—Mr. Rockefeller clocked in with 39 per cent of the votes, now he comes in with—36 per cent of the votes, a response to Madison Avenue's blitzkrieg which is to say the least, ungrateful. To be sure, Mr. Nixon also went down during the same period, though less so (37 per cent to 35 per cent), which suggests the possibility that Mr. Rockefeller's campaign, which is aimed at hurting Mr. Nixon while helping Mr. Rockefeller, is indeed hurting Mr. Nixon. though hurting Mr. Rockefeller even more. Cui bono?

One would think that all of this internecine warfare would help Mr. Humphrey. In fact it did not do so. He lost two points during the same period. Well, if everybody lost points—Rockefeller, Nixon, Humphrey—who gained them? George Wallace, that's who. He rose two points on a slate featuring Nixon as the Republican candidate; and four points with Rockefeller as the Republican candidate. The plot thickens.

The poll showed that if the election were held tomorrow, Mr. Humphrey would beat Mr. Nixon (45-35) but would only tie Mr. Rockefeller (36-36). The easy assumption—that Rockefeller

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greatly favored among the voters—dashed by the figures, since the poll ıows that he and Nixon are separated y a mere one percentage point of opularity, a statistically negligible mar-in.

What, then, accounts for the great ıift? It is the extraordinary datum ıat in the event of a Rockefeller nomi-ation, Humphrey's vote would go own, and Wallace's would go up. Un-erstanding this takes a little time, or ı any case took me a little time. Per-aps it means that among American oters, 5 per cent at least believe that ockefeller is to the left of Humphrey, nd would therefore slide away from lumphrey to Rockefeller. Meanwhile, per cent of the voters, normally dis-osed to vote for the Republican, upon nding Rockefeller there as Presidential andidate would in turn slide over to-ards a protest vote—towards George Vallace.

In other words, the strength of Rock-feller lies in the conviction of 5 per ent of the voters—perhaps more than ıat after he has spent another couple f million dollars—that he is more toutly liberal-bound than Mr. Hum-hrey. However, according to the pres-nt analysis, as many as he gets from ıe Humphrey left, he apparently loses ɔ the Wallace (protest) right. Which ould suggest that Mr. Rockefeller—nd the Republican Party—are hard ut to establish a claim to absolute opularity for Rockefeller. What he ains from over there to the left, he ɔses over there to the right. If you add ıe argument that, at the crunch, the ıird-party vote withers, and wanders ıeepishly back home, are you making n argument for Rockefeller or for lixon? Surely the diaspora caused by ıe Republican nomination of a candi-ate widely thought to be on the left f Hubert Humphrey would, hearing ıe bugles of patriotism, respond more ıassively to Nixon than to Rockefeller?

Other points of interest. College raduates favor Nixon over Humphrey 6-39, which is the best thing anybody as recently remarked about the values f a college education. On the other and, alumni of graduate schools favor lumphrey over Nixon 41-29, which onfirms the worst suspicions we harbor bout over-education. On the other and, get this, graduate students while avoring Humphrey over Rockefeller 0 to 26, record a stunning 25 for ieorge Wallace. Put another way, those ı America who have received the high-st educations apparently split about venly between Rockefeller and Wal-ıce.

More? Catholics are much more eavily anti-Nixon than Protestants. hey go 53-27 for Humphrey over Nixon, 46-36 Humphrey over Rock-efeller. Explain that. Jewish voters are 79-4 Humphrey over Nixon, 62-29 Humphrey over Rockefeller. "Inde-pendent" voters are 31-36 Humphrey *vs.* Nixon, 28-35 Humphrey *vs.* Rock-efeller which says that Nixon is slightly more popular than Rockefeller among independent voters, which is like saying that the world is flat, and that two plus two make five, the only reasons we have not heard as yet in favor of nomi-nating Mr. Rockefeller on the Republi-can ticket. □

THE MARCH OF AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

New York, July 14 — The Arch-bishop of Canter-bury, to judge from the recent record, is more wor-ried by orthodoxy abroad than heresy at home. He has just criticized Pope Paul for reasserting the essential dog-mas of Roman Catholicism, one of them being that the Roman Catholic Church is the designated vehicle of the word of Christ. It is difficult to see why the reassertion of that claim should bother the Archbishop. It is one thing to dispute the claim; it is another to fret about its being made. Rather as though an American in London were to pop up from his seat at Albert Hall and say: "But wait a minute, Britannia does *not* rule the waves."

I don't mean to imply that the asser-tion of the Catholic Church is merely a matter of tradition, but that it is at least a matter of tradition, and that therefore it is sort of, er, dumb for His Excellency the Archbishop to get lath-ered up over its restatement. And it wasn't only Anglican dignitaries who were disappointed by the Pope's dog-matical assertiveness, but also a lot of Catholics, for instance the so-called progressives in Holland, one of whose spokesmen pronounced that the Pope's words were like stones in his stomach which, come to think of it, may be what Purgatory feels like.

The strategy of the Pope, meanwhile, is presumably to try to do something about the dissolution, yes dissolution, of the Catholic Church—to prevent happening to it what happened to the Archbishop of Canterbury's church in England like maybe a hundred years ago. Auberon Waugh perhaps oversays it: ". . . in England we have a curious institution called the Church of Eng-land . . . Its strength has always lain in the fact that on any moral or politi-cal issue it can produce such a wide divergence of opinion that nobody—from the Pope to Mao Tse-tung—can say with any confidence that he is not an Anglican. Its weaknesses are that nobody pays much attention to it and very few people attend its functions." Perhaps he oversays it: but not by much.

Presumably the Pope is alarmed at some of the results of modernization. There are many examples, some of them reaching right into the tabernacle of Catholic Christianity to mess around with what they used to call the *depo-situm fidei* before Latin was abolished as anti-social, or whatever. There are data less astounding, but hardly insig-nificant. I sat next to a most beautiful and lively young Catholic girl the other day at a public function who spoke to me of Catholicism at Vassar, which she attends. The Catholic chaplain there is modern-minded and in a brief space of time has so succeeded in his evangeliza-tion, that nowadays only about 15 per cent of the Catholic girls in Vassar bother to attend Sunday mass, the fail-ure to do which, in the Catholic Church, is analogous to defying the Constitution in the civil world, with, one assumes, even graver consequences.

A non-Catholic lady in California writes me that she recently attended a mass at a Catholic high school. "It was held in the auditorium. A poster directly behind the altar was of an enormous catsup bottle and the mes-sage, 'If you're a plump tomato, Hunts has an opening for you.' On either side of the altar were 'box-art' figures, about five feet high, of Martin Luther King, Bob Dylan, John Lennon, the Maha-rishi whats-his-name, Ghandi, Thur-good Marshall. Above the altar was suspended a large mobile made of pieces of broken glass and tin cans and a sign asking, 'What's your story, people?' "

Recently I was visited by a faculty member and a dozen seniors from an-other Catholic high school, St. Mary's in Mount Clemens, Michigan. I found them all charming, poised, and intelli-gent, but a little bit out-of-breath, as though they had just finished scaling a very high mountain; and indeed I learned that the Reverend Sister, the superintendent of their school, had de-creed that if they consummated their plan to visit with me, they would be deprived of their right to participate in their forthcoming commencement exer-cises, and stripped of their academic honors. Now the Church quite rightly cautions its sheep to avoid occasions of sin, but it is going to take me a while to get used to the notion, post-Vatican II, that I am, by the modern-ists, to be treated like a brothel.

There are, of course, Catholics who are on the side of the Pope. But they speak in whispers, and walk about fur-tively, lest the new religion of love and understanding spy them and eat them up. □

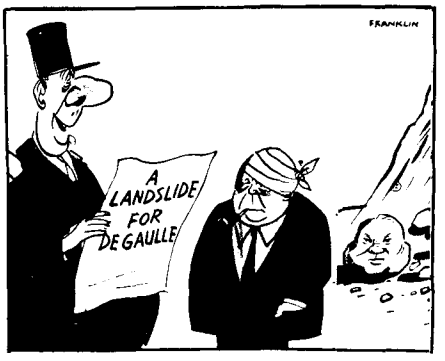
(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ Out of favor with far outs: Georgia state legislator **Julian Bond** who will work for **HHH** in black communities. The *Guardian* calls Bond's "shift to HHH especially obscene because of Humphrey's famous bear hug of racist Governor **Lester Maddox** of Georgia." . . . **McCarthy** campaign, incidentally, making big use of posters showing that Humphrey-Maddox embrace. . . . *Guardian* (successor to the Communist-lining *National Guardian*) also states flatly that the Communist Party has been active "in the McCarthy campaign." (July 13) . . . **Marcus Raskin**, he's the one of the Boston Five who was not convicted with **Spock-Coffin and Co.**, energetic in move to organize fourth party when and if McCarthy doesn't make it in Chicago. Raskin, you may remember, was one of the authors of the *Liberal Papers* and is on the editorial board of *Ramparts*. . . . (By the way, *Ramparts*' much ballyhooed **Che Guevara** diary issue is bombing on the stands, as is the Guevara paperback.) . . . **Eldridge Cleaver,** "minister of information" of Black Panther party who claims to be running for President as an independent, has named **Tom Hayden** (journeyer to Hanoi and a founder of SDS) campaign coordinator. Hayden says he will, get this, organize the campaign in "the white mother country." . . . No one, except perhaps the Senator himself, taking seriously reports that frustrated **Bobby Kennedy** followers may turn to **George McGovern** (D., S.D.) as Presidential dark horse in Chicago—if it's Chicago.

■ Traffic cops in Chicago are not assigning court dates for August 17 to August 31 when issuing summonses. Reason: keep the courts clear in case there are large-scale demonstrations, riots, and arrests during Democratic convention. . . . Reverend **Abernathy** and his cohorts are threatening Poor People's march in Chicago to represent the 51st state—the "state of hunger." . . . **Roy Innis,** who replaced **Floyd McKissick**, who replaced **James Farmer**, as head of CORE earlier this month, urges Negroes to register *en masse,* but not to vote this year. . . . **Teamsters** union intending to use its political muscle this year. Many of its new contracts provide for employers to check off $5 in dues for each union member annually to go to DRIVE (Democrats, Republicans, Independents Voter Education).



London Daily Mirror

"I hear you have one as well, Harold."

■ Treasury Department, apparently feeling that Communist Party's Presidential candidate is the only unthreatened candidate, will not provide Mrs. **Charlene Mitchell** with Secret Service protection. Mrs. Mitchell is first candidate on CP ticket since 1940 when **Earl Browder** got 48,579 votes. . . . The Communist Party's new daily, the *Daily World,* which replaces the biweekly *Worker,* made its debut on—July 4.

■ Historical sidelight: Remember when Admiral **Lewis Strauss** was turned down as Secretary of Commerce? According to *Washingtonian* Magazin **Drew Pearson,** who had been houndin **Lyndon Johnson** ever since his electio to Senate by 87 votes ("Landslide Lyn don" etc.), offered to lay off LBJ for while if Johnson, then Majority Leac er, would use his influence to sink th Strauss nomination. Quote, from story "Terms were negotiated, agreemer was reached, Strauss was defeated an Pearson, for a time, was off Johnson' back."

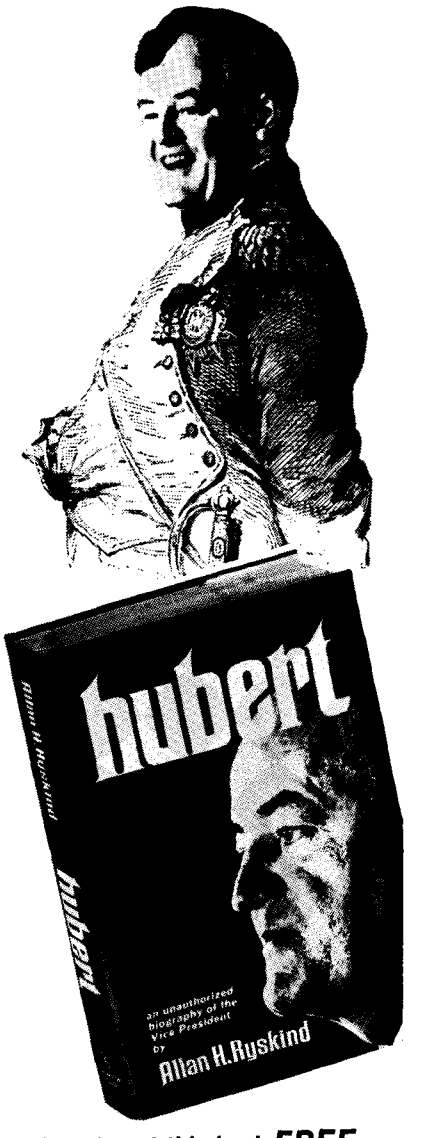
■ **De Gaulle**'s purge continues: nov that he doesn't need help of **Valer Giscard d'Estaing**'s Independent Re publicans for his parliamentary majo ity he's bounced Giscard from his pos as chairman of Finance Committee c National Assembly. Independent Re publicans, in consequence, have re signed from all Assembly committee: . . . With 600,000 copies sold, **Jea Jacques Servan-Shreiber**'s *Le Dé American* is France's all-out best selle of the last twenty years. . . . That's th way it is, babies: Col. **Benjamin Ad kunle**, the Nigerian official who cor trols Port Harcourt in Biafra, says foo supplies are not going to get throug (see The Week). "If children must di first," he said, "then it's too bac Colonel **Ojukwu** [the Biafran leade could stop the war." . . . Sen. **Bourk Hickenlooper** (R., Iowa) took occasio of hearings on appointment of fou U.S. ambassadors to African states t comment on the idiocy of Unite States policy towards Rhodesia. " don't agree with their [Rhodesia's] sc cial policies, but I consider it to be thei business and not ours."

■ **Dante**'s *Inferno* was never like this International's movie version of it wi be filmed in Hamburg and feature pot-smoking Dante and a mod **Beatric** racing through hell on a Harley.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Hubert was a little boy he loved to play Napoleon

Let 1968 bring him his big scene. At Waterloo.



HUBERT

An Unauthorized Biography of the Vice President by Allan H. Ryskind

Over 350 Pages • Fully Indexed for Instant Campaign Reference • Richly Documented with Over 400 Notes

A SELECTION OF THE CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

HIS FELLOW SENATORS called him Gabby, Flannelmouth, Whippersnapper, Pipsqueak, even harsher names.

Lyndon, at least until yesterday, treated him like a cowhand down at the ranch. "Hubert, did I hear you belch?" so goes one of the stories floating around Washington. "No, Mr. President. Was I supposed to?"

Now he is being hailed, by ADA types with tired blood, as a moderate. Yet Norman Thomas once pointed to him as "the type of Democrat I like and one who would be a Socialist if he got to England."

Where lies the real Hubert? *Is* there a real Hubert? Allan Ryskind has peeked into the closets where the skeletons are kept, and here's just a sample of what he's found:

• Hubert's early alliance with Eugene McCarthy.

• The Evangelist of the Welfare State. Hubert urges price control, wage control, controls over medicine and the arts, a Soviet-style Seven-Year Plan for the farmers, a federal crusade against "noxious weeds," a federal "house gardening program to assist needy persons," and – we kid you not – a $50,000 government loan to boil potatoes.

• The disturbing background on Hubert's most infamous remark on race riots: "I've got enough spark left in me to lead a mighty good revolt . . ."

• Hubert on Communism abroad: "I would say that we have to keep in mind what Russia wants and needs."

• Something for everybody: Hubert's two positions on the Goldwater plan to let parents take tax deductions for education costs. His three positions on civil rights . . . two positions on the oleo tax . . . two positions on price supports . . . three positions on the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China to the U.N. (If you don't like what Hubert is saying, wait a few minutes . . .)

• For businessmen who are telling themselves that Humphrey is a moderate: how he compared the NAM and Communism.

• Hubert's subtle anti-Catholic propaganda.

His not-so-subtle anti-Catholic propaganda.

• LBJ and Hubert: their similarities – and their differences. Twice when Hubert went to the mat with Lyndon.

• Champ of the pork barrel. Hubert, in his first four months as Senator, introduces $22 billion in new spending bills. Humphrey votes on 156 money bills. Score: spending 156, economy 0.

• Can Hubert defend America? His frightening views on nuclear testing, the Panama Canal, Vietnam, Guantanamo, Quemoy and Matsu, Castro, Bosch, Holden Roberto, Chiang Kai-shek, the UN, etc., etc.

Risk-Free Examination – and FREE GIFT Volume

Will Hubert make it to the White House? If he does, COPE's obedient servant poses a major threat to American freedom and safety.

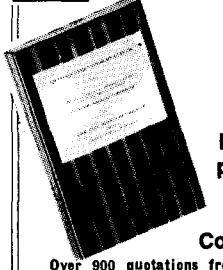
Judge for yourself. May we send you a copy of HUBERT on risk-free examination? If not well pleased you may return it within a month of delivery for full refund *plus* extra money to cover cost of return postage. Mail coupon below with $5.95 to your bookseller or: Arlington House, Publishers, 81 Centre Avenue, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

How to get this book FREE

Would you prefer us to send you this book free? You can get a free copy by joining Arlington House's affiliated company, the Conservative Book Club. Your only obligation as a member is to accept 3 books from among the 40 to be offered by the Club over the next 15 months, after which you may resign at any time. Membership entitles you to a free subscription to the monthly Club Bulletin, plus the opportunity to buy any Club book at 20% to 75% off retail price plus shipping. If you accept the monthly selection, no need to do anything. It is shipped automatically and the Club charges your account. If you don't want the monthly selection, you merely let the Club know on the handy form always provided. If you prefer this plan, please check the appropriate box in coupon and mail today.

To your bookseller or

ARLINGTON HOUSE·PUBLISHERS
81 CENTRE AVENUE, NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK 10801



EXTRA FREE GIFT
New $1.00 paperback, Quotes for Conservatives

Over 900 quotations from 63 famed authorities from ancient times to the present, compiled by Malcolm Wright. Includes a special section of quotations from the Bible. This volume is yours to keep even if you return HUBERT for full refund.

Gentlemen: Please send, postpaid, HUBERT, by Allan H. Ryskind, and also include my FREE copy of *Quotes for Conservatives*, described at left. My payment of $5.95 is enclosed. If not pleased, I may return book within 30 days for full refund plus extra cash to cover my return postage. (*Quotes for Conservatives* is mine to keep in any case.)

Name_____

Address_____

City/Zone_____ State_____

☐ *Send HUBERT and "Quotes for Conservatives" FREE and enroll me in the Conservative Book Club. I agree to buy 3 Club Selections in the next 15 months at 20% to 75% discounts plus shipping.* NR243

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Our repowered VIXEN II now has identical ratios and hp forward and reverse with identical engine rotation, thanks to Twin Disc Marine Gears"

Captain Joseph Brocia, Jr., Huguenot Yacht Club, New Rochelle, N. Y., wanted his 1947 Annapolis cruiser Vixen II to perform as smoothly as she looked.

To accomplish this, Captain Brocia had a pair of Cummins C-160M diesels installed. Right behind were a pair of matched Twin Disc Model MG-509 Hydraulic Marine Gears (2:1 ratios) driving two 24" x 18" props.

The Twin Disc Gears, which were equipped with heat exchangers, offered the exact features Captain Brocia wanted for Vixen II: *identical ratios and horsepower forward and reverse . . . a truly matched set of gears*—unlike other makes where it is often necessary to have different engine rotation and different props *. . . instant, smooth response . . . and the ability to use the same type of oil as used in the engines.*

The MG-509 is just one of a complete line of dependable Twin Disc Hydraulic Marine Gears designed for diesel powered craft up to 1000 hp! Ask your marine engine dealer about Twin Disc Gears. Or, better still, ask a man who owns one . . . you'll find him in any port in the free world!

TWIN DISC
POWER TRANSMISSION EQUIPMENT

TWIN DISC
INCORPORATED

Administrative Offices — Racine, Wisconsin • Rockford Works, Rockford, Illinois
Branches or Sales Engineering Offices: Cleveland • Dallas • Los Angeles • Newark • New Orleans • Seattle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED